THE QUEENES EXCHANGE,

A

COMEDY

Acted with generall applauſe at the *BLACK-FRIERS*

BY

His MAJESTIES *Servants.*

WRITTEN BY

M. RICHARD BROME.

Regia res amor eſt ----

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Browne* at the Hand in *Pauls Church-yard.* 1657.

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24 Oct. 60 Stonehill

The Stationer to the Readers.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THis *ſhort account I thought fit to give you of this* Poem, *that it came to my hands among other things of this nature written, and left by* Mr. Rich. Broome *a perſon whoſe excellency in* Comical *wit has been ſufficiently proved, and needs not my partial and weak commendation. There are publiſhed already of his Playes, the* Northern Laſs, *the* Antipodes, *the* Sparagus-garden, *the* Merry Beggers, *the* Lancaſhire Witches, *beſides the* 5. Playes *lately publiſhed in a* Volume. *The good acceptance of all which encourages me to publiſh this, being no way inferior to the reſt; but when 'twas written, or where acted, I know not. Your kinde entertainment of this will enable me to make known to the World divers more of the ſame* Authors *works of this kind, which have not yet ſeen light; for my ayme is,* & prodeſſe & delectare, *by delighting thee to profit my ſelf.*

H. B.

Farewel.

24 Oct. 60 Stonehill

The Queens Exchange.

The Persons in the Play.

Osriick, King of *Northumbria*.
Theodrick his Favourite and Embassador.
Ethelswick, his Substitute.
Theodwald, *Eaufride*, *Alfride*, *Edelbert*, } Lords of his Council.
A Physition.
Jeffrey, the Kings fool.
4. *Clowns.*

Scene England.

Bertha Queen of West Saxons.
Segebert, *Alberto*, } two banished Lords.
Authynus, *Offa*, } *Segeberts* Sons.
Mildred, *Segeberts* daughter, *Osricks* Queen.
Arnold, an old servant of *Offa*.
Kelrick, *Elkwine*, *Elfride*, } three sycophant Lords.
Hermit and his Servant.
Keeper of Prison.
Edith, *Mildreds* Nurse.
A Carpenter, A Mason, A Smith, } three Thieves.

Prologue to the Queens Exchange.

THe writer of this Play who ever uses
To usher with his modesty the Muses
Unto the Stage, He that scarce ever durst
Of Poets rank himself above the worst,
Though most that he has writ has past the rest,
And found good approbation of the best;
He as he never knew to bow, he saies,
As little fears the fortune of his Playes:
He yields their right to us, and we submit
All that they are in learning or in wit
To your fair censure. All is then but thus,
As you approve they are good or bad to us;
And all by way of favour we can crave,
Is that you not destroy where you may save.

The Queenes Exchange.

Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter Celerick, Elkwin, Segebert, Bertha, and Attendants. Hoboyes.

Bart. SInce it has pleasd the highest Power to place me
His substitute in Regal Soveraignty,
Over this Kingdom, by the generall vote
Of you my loyall Lords, and loving Subjects,
Though grounded on my right of due Succession;
Being immediate heir, and only child
Of your late much deplored King my Father.
I am in a most reverend duty bound
Unto that Power above me, and a wel-
Befitting care towards you my fairhfull people,
To rule and govern so (at least so neere
As by all possibility I may)
That I may shun Heavens anger, and your grief.
Which that I may, at our last consultation
The better to passe through my weighty charge,
I gave you to consider of the Proposition
Is made to me by the Northumbrian King
Of marriage, not only to enable me (then
In my government, but therby to streng-
This Kingdom in succeeding times, by a
Of lawfull Successors. I gave you all (line
My strong & most unanswerable reasons:
To which you seemd contented, all but one,
Who with the rest by this I hope is satisfied.
'Tis you, Lord *Segebert*, you it is I mean:
Does it appear to you yet reasonable,
That I be matcht to the Northumbrian King?
I have with patience waited a whole moneth
For you to rectifie your scrupulous judgement,
Whereby it might comply with these, no way
Inferiour to your self, but are your Peers,
As well in their kown wisdom, as my favour.

Seg. Thus low unto your sacred Majesty
I here devote my self; and thus I meet
With equal love, th' embraces of these Lords.
Ile joyn & grow one body, and one voice
With them, in all may adde unto your Honour,
And your dear Kingdoms good. But pardon me
My soverain Queen, and I beseech you my Lords,
To weigh with your known wisdom the great danger
This match may bring unto the Crown and Country.
Tis true, the King *Ostrick* as wel in person,
As in his dignity, may be thought fit
To be endow'd with all you seem to yeild him.
But what becomes of all the wholsome Laws, Customs,

Cuſtoms, and all the nerves of Govern-
ment (ther
Your no leſs prudent than Majeſtick Fa-
With power & policy enricht this Land
with; (ſelf
And made the Saxons happy, and your
A Queen of ſo great eminence. Muſt all,
With ſo much Majeſtie and matchleſſe
beauty,
Be now ſubjected to a ſtrangers foot;
And trod into diſorder? All your wealth,
Your ſtate, your laws, your ſubjects, and
the hope
Of flouriſhing future fortunes, which
your Father
By his continual care, and teadious ſtudy
Gave as a Legacy unto this Kingdom:
Muſt all be altered, or quite ſubverted,
And all by a wilful gift unto a ſtranger:

Bert. Peace: ſtop his mouth. Unrea-
verend old man,
How darſt thou thus oppoſe thy Sove-
raignes will,
So well approvd by all thy fellow Peers,
Of which the meaneſt equals thee in
judgement?

Seg. Do you approve their judgments,
Madam, which (do't.
Are grounded on your will? I may not
Only I pray, that you may underſtand,
(But not unto your loſs) the difference
Betwixt ſmooth flattery, and honeſt
judgements.

Bert. Do you hear this, my Lords?

Celr My Lord *Segebert*,
Though you except againſt this King,
He may hereafter thank you in your
kind.

Seg. Mean time I thank you for your
propheſie.

Col. You cannot but allow ſucceſſion is
The life of Kingdoms; & if ſo, you cannot
But wiſh the Queen (which Heaven grant
ſpeedily)
An happy huſband.

Bert. I thank you, good my Lord.

Elk. And if an huſband, why not him
ſhe affects?
Can it beſit a Subject to controle
The affection of his Princeſſe? Heaven
forbid.

Seg. This is ear taking Muſick.

Elk. Or ſuppoſe,
You might controle it; whom in your
great wiſdom
Would you allot the *Queen*?

Seg. I ſee your aym; (dare,
And know, when I have ſaid all that I
What cenſure I muſt undergoe. And thus
Ile meet it boldly: you are ſycophants all,
And doe provide but for your ſelves,
though all.
The Kingdom periſh for't. May the juſtice
That follows flattery overtake you for't.

Seg. Take hence the mad man.

Colr. We are ſorry for you.

Elk. And wiſh the troubleſome ſpirit
were out of you,
That ſo diſtracts your reaſon.

Elf. We have known you
Speak and anſwer to the purpoſe.

Seg. Your queſtion to no purpoſe, Sir,
was this:
Whom my great wiſdom would allot
the Queen?
You are not worth my anſwer. But my
Soveraigne,
I do implore your gracious attention
To theſe few words.

Celr. Leſſe ſenſe.

Elf. No matter. *Elk.* Silence.
Speak your few words, the Queen can
give you hearing.

Seg. I wiſh your Highneſſe would com-
mand your women,
That know their qualities to take up
your Beagles.
Their Petulances ſort not with this place
Nor the more ſerious matter of my
ſpeech.

Bert. Speak, I can hear you though.
Forbear him Lords.

Seg. The King your Father, and my
ne'r to be
Forgotten Maſter, (pleaſe you to re-
member)
Although his memory be loſt with
theſe,

Who

Who here had grace to know him right-
ly, gave me (in
Before his death ſtrictly this charge, and
Your preſence too, charging your ſelfe
withal (ſhould
To give it due obedience: That you
Before all mens advice take mine for
marriage,
And that eſpecially I ſhould take care
'Gainſt Innovation. That the laws he left
Eſtabliſht with ſuch care for good oth'
Kingdome
Might be maintaind by whomſoere you
matchd with.
I know, and you, if you knew any thing,
Might know the difference twixt the
Northumbrian lawes
And ours: And ſooner will their King
pervert
Your Priviledges and your Government,
Then reduce his to yours: pure com-
mon ſenſe,
Even you me thinks, my Lords, may
foretell that
Bert. You have ſaid enough.
Seg. I doe beſeech your Highneſſe
But for this little more.
Bert. Ile hear no more.
Celr. Pray heare his little more al-
though you ſend him
Out of your hearing then for evermore.
Seg. Your Father added this to his
command, (bring
That rather then by marriage you ſhould
Your Subjects to ſuch thraldome, and
that if
No Prince whoſe lawes coher'd with
yours did ſeek you
(As ſome there are, and neerer then
th'Northumbrian)
That he would have you from ſome no-
ble Stock (on.
To take a Subject in your own Domini-
Bert. Traytor!
Seg. To urge your Fathers Teſtament?
Celr. But did the King your ne're for-
gotten Maſter
Bequeath her an affection to ſuch blood?
Bert. Forbear. Now he's not worth
your ſpeaking to.
Celr. Now ſhe'l ha' me I hope. What
a foul beaſt
Was I to undervalue ſubjects blood?
Bert. I have forborn you long, for the
old love
My Father in his life conferr'd upon you
And ſtill I yield to it ſo much as ſaves
Your head, bold talking fellow. But Sir
hear
Your doom. Since the Kings love hath
puff'd your dotage leſſe)
With ſwoln conceit (for what can it be
That you are now my King (for ſure you
think ſo) (Exile:
I'll try my Title with you. Hence you
Go in perpetual baniſhment from this
Kingdome.
Speak not a word for him.
All. Inſooth we meant it not.
Celr. But may it pleaſe your Majeſty,
you mention'd (vile--
His head erewhile. Now if I might ad-
Bert. Away, you'l be too cruel.
Celr. Another hope loſt.
Elfw. His lands and goods, Madam,
would be thought on.
Bert. No, he has children.
Elfr. I'le take his daughter with all
faults, and half his lands.
Bert. Why are ye not gone?
Seg. I have not much to ſay.
Bert. Out with it then, and then out
with your ſelf.
Seg. In the large Hiſtory of your Fa-
thers life
You find but one example for this doom
Of Baniſhment. And that was of *Alberte*
five years (nce, (when
For wronging me unto his Highneſſe,
He ſtood in competition with me for
The Honor in the State the King then
gave me.
Bert. And what of this?
Seg. But thus. I ſtood by then, and
then all knowing Heaven
Saw that though he for wronging me
was Baniſh'd,
I was right ſorry, and much pleaded
for him.

Bert. It follows now that you would have these Lords,
Whom you have so abus'd, to plead for you.
Seg. Quite contrary, for they are my Abusers;
Yet I do grieve for them, but more for you.
To think on all your sorrows, when too late
You'l wish for me to steer the State.
Bert. Pray if you meet that good old Lord *Alberto*,
Now in your exile, send him home to us;
I'l promise him your Honour in the State.
All. Ha, ha, ha.
Bert. Go from my sight, and if after three dayes
Thou art seen in my Dominion, I will give
A thousand crowns to him that brings thy head.
See Proclamation sent to that effect.
Celr. I will, and as many Informers after
The Proclamation, as there be crowns in't.
Come we have spoken for you all that we can.
Elsf. The Queen's implacable.
Bert. Be gone I say, Why dost thou stay?
Seg. But to applaud your Mercy and Bountry,
In that you post me from a world of care
And give me the wide world for my share.
Exit Seg. & *Celr.*
Elk. Your Majesty has perform'd a point of justice
Mingled with clemency beyond all president.
Bert. Enough to give a warning to all such
As dare oppose their Princes purposes;
Conduct in now th' Embassador of *Northumbria*.
Whilst I review his Masters brighter Figure
Exit Elkw. Elf.
As ardently, (but with more pure affection)
As ere did *Cynthia* her *Endimion*.
Ent. Emb.
My Lord, you have attended long, but now
I shall return that answer to your King,
That if his love be as you have pretended
May well excuse your stay. Tell him this story,
A King sent forth a General to besiege
A never conquered City. The siege was long,
And no report came back unto the King;
How well or ill his Expedition thriv'd;
Until his doubtful thoughts had given lost,
His hope oth' City, and his Army both.
When he being full of this despair, ariv'd
Oth' suddain his brave General with Victory;
Which made his thanks, as was his conquest double.
You may interpret me my Lord.
Emb. If so,
I am to tell the King he has won your love.
Bert. A blush may be excus'd in the confession:
'Tis my first answer to the question: Yes.
Emb. So from the doubtful darkness of the night,
The blushing morn Ushers the cheerful Sun,
To give new light and life unto the World:
I shall revive my King with these glad tydings.
Bert. You have said well,
Let us enform you better,
(Talk aside with him)
Elkw. I can but think what old *Segebert* said
Concerning Laws, Customes and Priveledges.
And how this match will change the Government. I fear,

I fear, how c'er the Laws may go, our Customes will
Be loſt; for he me thinks out-flatters us already.
Elfr. He's the Kings Favourite; and has woed ſo well
For him, that we may fear he'l wrigle in
Twixt him and us, the prime man in her favour.
Bert. Let it be ſo. The tenth of the next month
I'l be prepar'd to entertain his Highneſs:
Firſt to confirm a contract; then as ſoon
As he ſhall pleaſe to conſummate our marriage.
In the mean time this Figure, which you ſay
Reſembles him, as Painters ſkill affords:
Indeed it is a ſweet one. (*Kiſſes it*)
Shall be daily
My deer companion moſt unſeparably;
And when I ſleep it ſhall partake my Pillow.
Does he love mine as well d'ye think my Lord?
Emb. Juſt with the ſame devotion; If I durſt
I would ſay more.
Bert. Nay, ſpeak my Lord, pray ſpeak.
Emb. He do's allow't a Table, Waiters and Officers
That eat the meat.
Bert. Indeed.
Elkw. O horrible.
Elfr. Nay, We ſhall ne're come near him.
Emb. And at night
He lodges it perpetually on his boſome.
Elkw. We are dunces to him.
Emb. Here, juſt here;
And't pleaſe your Majeſty o'the hearts ſide. (*ſhrugs*
Bert. Indeed I am pleas'd. I'l ſtay you but to night,
To morrow you ſhall haſten towards the King.
And for your ſpeed wear this.
Emb. Moſt gracious Queen (*kiſſes her hand.*

Exeunt Omnes.

SCEN. II.

Enter Segebert, Apthynus, Offa, Mildred.

Seg. 'Tis the Queens pleaſure children; I muſt bear it.
Off. To Baniſhment, good heaven forbid. And Heaven
I hope will not yet ſuffer it.
Seg. Whilſt we expect the beſt from Heavens high will,
It ſuffers Princes to reward us ill.
Yet can I think it ſhakes an angry hand
Over my head, for ſome miſdeed of mine,
Which I have unrepented let go by.
It muſt be ſomething ſure was pleaſure to me.
What in the World has moſt delighted me?
To love my King and Country, Neighbours, Friends,
And ſometimes Enemies. (I'l paſſe o're that)
I have done well (though I do not to boaſt it)
To ſuccour and relieve all-kind of wretches;
Poor ſouls that have half deafned me with Prayers,
Loud Prayers. They'l miſſe me now; and I
Shall have a miſſe of them too. (Let that paſſe)
What have I done at home, ſince my Wife died?
No Turtle ever kept a widowhood,
More ſtrict then I have done. Then for my Children,
Offa. Come you hither. *Off.* My Lord Father.
Anth. He might have call'd me firſt, I am the Eldeſt.
Seg. I am ſure thou'lt anſwer in behalf one.
Have I not lov'd thee alwayes?
Off. O dear Sir,
I am all unworthy to acknowledge half,
Half of your pious bounties on a Son,
A wretch ſo ill deſerving as my ſelf;

Your

Your hand has evermore been open to me,
Your blessings still more readily have showr'd
Upon my head, then I had grace to ask them.
(For to my knowledge I ne're ask'd blessing yet
With a good will in all my life; some would
Do Pennance in the Church with lesse perplexity.)
Seg. I, thou wast ever an obedient child,
Next, you my Daughter.
Anth. Then I must be last.
Seg. How have you found my love?
Mild. Sir, far above my duty.
Seg. Do not weep, but speak good child.
I have not long to stay with yee; my three dayes
Will scarce afford this hour to bide with you. (*Weeps.*)
Mild. Had I no tears nor sobs to interrupt
My flattering Tongue, but had speech as free
As the best Orator that speaks for fee
Could, or durst I attempt t' express your goodness,
More then to say, 'tis more then I can say.
Seg. 'Tis a good maid; O Queen thou art too cruel!
Mild. But honour'd Father, grant me yet one Bone.
Seg. What's that my Girle?
Mild. You shall know presently
Dries her eyes.
Pray give me leave to kneel unto the Queen
To try what I can do for your repeal.
'Twere shame we should sit down and lose you thus.
The Queen affects me well. You know she loves me.
And promis'd once she would deny me nothing.
Seg. For this thou shalt not trouble her; besides
You put me well in mind to charge you Daughter,
Upon my Blessing, go no more to Court.
Shun it I charge thee as thou wouldst my curse.
If you have lovers there whom they call Servants,
Do as neat Surgeons do when they have touch'd
Loathsome or pestilent Sores; wash clean your hands
Of all of 'em, that are far more infectious.
And hear me daughter *Mildred*, I am told
The *Northumbrian* Embassador now at Court,
The great Kings greater Favourite made hot love to you.
And that he obtained your Picture which he wears,
More proud of 't then his undeserved Honours.
Let me now charge you further, and observe it,
Shake off all thoughts of him. Upon the match now
He and whole Sholes of upstart Braveries,
Must hither needs attend their King. But if
Thou marry with him, or any amongst them,
Though the greatest subject that his Master has,
Thou art divorced for ever of my blessing.
Mild. I will in all obey you. *Off.* I shall look to that Sir.
Seg. Enough. *Anthynus.*
Anth. At last, yet I am thought on.
Seg. Now there rests
Of all my children but you to resolve me,
How you have found my love?
Anth. You ask me last
Sir I presume, cause you have had me longest,
To crown their testimony.
Seg. Yet you seem (me,
Anthinus, by your leave, the least to know

But like a ſtranger look upon me when
Theſe give me due reſpect.
Anth. Leſſe then due
I dare not give you; and more were to abuſe you.
Though I do not applaud, I muſt approve
You are a right good father.
Off. Umh.
Seg. Yet you ſpeak in this but coldly.
Off. No, no, it ſounds not well. But you are wiſe.
Anth. I have obſerv'd, but ſpecially at Court,
Where flattery is too frequent, the great ſcorn
You have ever caſt upon it, and do fear
To come within ſuch danger of reproof.
Knowing your reaſon may as well deteſt it
In your own houſe, as in Kings Pallaces.
And when I hear another (my dear Siſter,
Heaven know I mean not you)
Speak like a flatterer, I hold my peace,
And ſo come ſhort of doing what I would,
For fear of over-doing. But honour'd Sir,
When a Son can be found that dares do more
For's Fathers life or honour then my ſelf,
I'l forfeit mine inheritance and your bleſſing;
So much your love engages me.
Off. If this were hearty now, not hollow.
Seg. No more,
Time calls away apace, and I am ſatisfied
Since I muſt undergo the Queens hard cenſure,
That it falls not upon me like a curſe,
For wronging Crown or Country, Neighbours, Friends,
Or you my dearer children. I will take it
Not as a puniſhment but bleſſing rather.
To be remov'd from miſeries
Are like to fall on this unhappy Kingdom.
And I will think the Queen has done me favour
To eaſe me of my cares a thouſand wayes,
To make my reſt of life all holidayes.
Now take my laſt directions. Son *Anthynus.*
Anth. Son! It is holyday with me to. 'Tis
The firſt time he call'd me Son theſe three years.
Seg. Though you are eldeſt, and my lawful heir,
And muſt be Lord at my deceaſe of all
My large Poſſeſſions. Yet it is my will
That till my death my *Offa* have the ſway
And government of all, allowing you
That yearly ſtipend formerly I gave you.
Let me not hear of any grudge betwixt you.
And be you both reſpectful of your Siſter,
And you of them good Girle. It is decreed
That I ſhall never ſee you more.
Mild. Ay me. (*Cries*)
Seg. Go get thee in I prithe *Mildred*,
Go in I ſay, thy brothers ſhall a little
Shew me my way. Go in, I ſhall not ſpeak elſe,
And I have more to ſay to them. Good now go.
Mild. O, O, O.
Seg. You will not diſobey me? Heaven bleſſe my Girle (go and come again)
Mild. But muſt I never ſee you more?
Seg. Yes child in Heaven; and then for evermore.
Mild. To wait your coming thither I'l afore. *Exit.*
Seg. Thither ſhall be my firſt journey.
But after you ſhall ſtill hear from me where e're I wander.
Anth. Not I Sir, by your favour.
Seg. Why I pray?
Anth. I muſt be nearer you. I kneel for't Sir,
And humbly pray I may not be denied
To wait on you in Exile. Take me with you.
Off.

Off. Do you not find him?
Seg. This is but your ſtoutneſs
(Though you ſeem humble unto me) againſt
Your brother, becauſe I leave the rule to him.
Anth. Far be it from my thoughts dear Sir, conſider
He has had that rule already divers years
Ere ſince my mother die, and been your darling
Heaven knows without my grudge, while you were pleas'd.
Off. Heaven knows his thoughts the while alack a day.
Anth. I never envied him, though I have found
You have ſeverely over look'd my Actions,
When you have ſmil'd on his, though but the ſame.
I have been ſtill content while I have found my duty firm.
Seg. You ſhall along.
Anth. You have new begotten me.
Off. Sir.
Seg. Peace, I know thy fear my deareſt Boy.
Off. Does not your blood begin to chil within you?
Great heirs are overhaſty Sir,
And think their Fathers live too long. Pray Sir
Take heed of him. Though he ſhould act the
Parricide abroad, our laws acquit him.
Seg. I'l give my ſelf to Heaven, quit thou thy fear.
I am not worth a life. I'l take him hence
That thou mayſt be ſecure from bloody ſpite.
I fear him not, miſchief has ſpent her ſelfe
And left her ſting within me for a charme
That quit me from the fear of further harm.
Go get thee home, my bleſſing and farewell.
Off. Pray Sir excuſe me, I cannot ſpeak for laughing. (*aſide*)
Seg. And farwel Countrey, ſhed not a tear for me;
I go to be diſſolv'd in tears for thee.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter *Oſrick* the King, *Theodrick*, *Theowald*, *Eaufrid*, *Alfrid*, *Elelbert*, 2. *Lords*.

Kin. Let your diſpatches inſtantly be ſent
Through all the Kingdom to incite the people
(As many as are mine, or would be thought ſo)
To expreſſe with me their joy, for the enjoying
Of the ſo long deſired happineſſe,
In this our beautious and magnificent Queen.
1. *Lor.* See that through all the Cities, Towns and Villages,
With ſolemn Feaſts, and publique ſign of joy
They celebrate a day for theſe glad Tydings.
2. *Lor.* Poſt every way, that the third day from this
The general joy may ſound and ſhine through all
The Kingdom.
Attend. That's with Bells and Bone-fires.
1. & 2. *Lor.* Goe. *Ex. Attendants.*
Kin. And now my Lords, I muſt require your care
To ſet down a fit order for our journey
Unto this Queen, to perfect my worlds bliſſe.
I would not fail in the leaſt Article
Of ſtate or decency in this Affair.
Provide ſo that we may in all appear
Worthy th'Atchievement of our fair ambition.
And let our followers be choſen ſuch
Whoſe inward worth no leſſe then outward ſhew

May make us glorious in this expedition.
Do ſpeedily and effectually good my Lords,
The time haſts on.
1. & 2. *Lor.* Our duty ſhall prevent it.
King. Methinks the ſilent Picture ſeems to ſay,
'Tis fit I ſhould anticipate a day,
Ex. Lords.
Rather then loſe one minute from that light
Whoſe very ſhadow is ſo Angel bright.
Emb. But when your Highneſs ſhall behold, nay more
Shall touch, nay more and nearer ſhall embrace,
Nay more and nearer yet, enfold and handle,
Nay more and neareſt of all, enjoy
The lively (that's too little) heavenly ſubſtance
Of this poor imaginary, which is as ſhort,
As far inferiour to the life,
As a weak ſtar-light to the mid day Sun.
King. O do not raviſh me with expectation.
This is a way to make each hour untill
I ſhall enjoy my bliſſe, a tedious night;
Each night a death: Yet can I not deſire
To ſhift the Argument off our diſcourſe.
Did ſhe appear ſo fair, ſo lovely?
Emb. Sir,
Suppoſe you ſee a glorious Firmament,
Bedek'd with heavenly Stars; ſo ſhines her Court
With Ladies might be thought of matchleſſe beauty,
Striking meer humane ſight with admiration.
Imagine now you ſee break through a Vail
Amidſt thoſe Stars, though heavenly leſſer beauties,
The bright *Cynthia* in her full of Luſtre.
So this no leſſe to be compared Queen,
Shines above beauty to an humane eye
That is not mix'd with powerful Majeſty.
You may behold her your Divinity,
My King may comprehend what can befit
Me only to confeſſe, I do admire.
King. O thou art mine. In ſuch a Queen
And ſuch a Servant nev'r was King ſo bleſs'd.
But are there in her Court (although inferiour
To her more Excellent) ſuch ſpecial Beauties,
And in my *Theodricks* apprehenſion?
You have made choice of one then?
Emb. I have ſeen
One ſo agreeable to my affection
Above all the reſt, I cannot but confeſſe
I ſtrove to be her Servant.
King. Doubtleſſe then
She was a fair one. *Theodrick*, never fear,
She is thine own, my ſelf will be thy Spokeſman
If ſhe be worthy of thee.
Emb. For fair Vertue
With all the graces which adorn the mind,
In beſt opinion ſhe's unparallel'd
By any Subject, Lady, (I muſt ever
Allow Supremacy unto the Queen)
And for her Perſon, it appears in all
Moſt anſwerable to her face. Of which here is
Th' exacteſt Copy that I could get drawn,
And without flattery by the Queens own Lymner.
King. Pray let me ſee't. Indeed it is a ſweet one.
Did he that drew this of the Queen, draw that?
Emb. With the ſame hand.
King. But not with the ſame colours.
Truſt me they're much unlike,
He wrongs the Queen
And merits her diſpleaſure even to death,
T'advance a Servants beauty 'bove her own.
Emb. What ſayes your Majeſty?

King. Keep off a little, (does,
You ſtand juſt in my light. And ſo he
Twixt me and the prime beauty of the world.
But I'l be even with him, and cauſe my Picturer
To ſet this Crown upon this head, and then ——
Fie, what a fancie's this? He will perceive me.
But now I note this Forehead, and this Brow,
This Eye, this Lip. —— (*lets fall the other*)
Emb. You have let fall the Queen. Sir. (*takes it up*)
King. I cry her mercy. What a ſhame it is
That I ſhould fall in his diſcovery?
Are Courts ſo fraught with fraud and flattery?
And can a King that governs ſuch profeſſors
No whit diſſemble, to obſcure his paſſions?
I muſt, and thus begin to practice it.
Theodrick, didſt thou note my contemplation
Over theſe Pictures?
Emb. I could but perceive
Your Highneſſe viewing them well. And I have learn'd
To make no ſearch into my Soveraigns thoughts.
King. Thou art ever modeſt. Thus it was *Theodrick*.
(Proteſt it rap't me above the pitch of Mortals)
Firſt to conſider what an abſolute beauty
This Queen has in herſelf; but then to gather
The circumſtances, many ſuch as this
(As thou affirmſt) inferiour lights to her,
That ſhine about her, rendring her more glorious.
Lights her above affection, to an height
That claims her adoration. Then marvel not
That now when this but in Effigy
Was but plac'd by her. By which her Majeſty
So much the more appear'd, I could not hold
This Figure of that all to be commanding beauty
When my high thoughts were fled up to her preſence.
Now take thy piece of craftſmanſhip again,
Which truſt me is a pritty one; whilſt I
Devote my ſervice to this Deity.
Emb. Sir, you have given me the Queens Picture.
King. Ha!
What a miſtake was here? But thou art honeſt,
And coveteſt but thy own; Take it *Theodrick*.
Now tell me of what houſe or Parentage
Your Miſtriſſe is.
Emb. I told you firſt her Vertues,
Her perſon next, and by this her beauty,
Which you are pleas'd to deem not much amiſſe.
King. 'Tis ſuch *Theodrick* that had I not ſeen
This ſo much above it (pardon my hypocriſie)
I ſhould have envied any man but thee
In ſuch a choice. But ſpeak her parentage.
Emb. That's all her blemiſh.
King. Is ſhe of tainted blood?
Emb. You ſearch with Kingly wiſedom. She is daughter
To that bold obſtinate Baron I enform'd you of,
Whom the Queen in her juſt diſpleaſure baniſh'd.
King. Thy love to her may hereafter plead for him.
But ſoft, I am not well.
Emb. Heaven bleſſe the King.
Who waits within there?
King. Tarry, let me ſee
That Picture once again. It wants exceedingly
Of this in many things.
Emb. I ſhould want judgement

Not

Not to grant that.
King. Here it wants palpably
The drooping of the brow; and here again
The dulneſſe of the Eye, which here ſhews deadly
But for a little ſquint it has. Good Queen
You look a ſquint. Then look you Sir, yours wants.
You ſhall not hear me neither, cauſe I will not
Spoil your conceit of it. Your Lady wants
The furious ſharpneſſe of the noſe, which here
My Queen has very ſhrewly. And again,
You han't the hanging of the nether lip,
Which the beſt Phiſiognomiſts do tell us
Shews women apt to luſt, and ſtrong incontinence.
Phew, This is all too ſweet for mortal ſenſe,
Here, take't again, and keep mine for me with it.
Lay'em together, th'one may mend the tother.
Emb. I have known women oft marry one another.
Their Pictures may perhaps have greater vertue.
King. I am not well, what kind of Changeling am I?
A wild confuſion rumbles in my brain,
My thoughts are all at ſtrife.
Emb. How fares your Highneſſe?
King. Sick, ſick, *Theodrick*,
Emb. Retire Sir to your Couch.
Enter 2. Lords.
1. 2. *Lor.* Where is my Lord the King.
King. Here yet my Lords.
Emb. The King's not well.
1. *Lor.* We have provided for your Highneſſe journey,
In ſuch a ſort as never King went forth.
King. Whither, to Heaven my Lords?
2. *Lor.* Yes, to the Queen.
Lovers count marriage Heaven before they wed,
But afterwards I know what ſome have ſaid.
Oh this is your honey moon.
Yes, yes, you ſhall to Heaven, your Heaven as you call it,
In ſuch a royal manner. See the Order.
King. Pray peace.
Emb. You do not well to vex the King
You ſee he's ſick.
1. *Lor.* Sick? marry Heaven forbid.
2. *Lor.* Sick o'the Wife before he has her.
Come, a very trothplight qualm, into your Chamber,
And at we find you we'l our ſelves beſtir.
Emb. Who waits within there? call the Kings Phyſitians.
Exeunt omnes.

SCEN. II.

A ſhout within, the Muſick, ſound the Bells. Enter 4. Clowns with tools.

1. AND what's the reaſon of all this merry glee?
2. The King, the King man muſt be married.
3. And muſt he have a Wife?
2. A Wife? a Queen man, and all the Wives in her Dominion
Muſt be his Commonwealth, and under us.
4. O brave.
2. And we muſt ſon and daughter it upon their Nation.
4. That will be brave indeed.
1. O but where is *Jeffrey*, jolly *Jeffrey* now? the prick and praiſe,
The very prick and praiſe, and prime Spark of our Pariſh, to ſet our Bonefires and our
Mirth a blazing.
3. The Bells a ringing, and the Bowls a trowling, the Fidlers fumbling & Tumbling. O *Jeffrey*, where art thou *Jeffrey*?
2. He's at hand I warrant you, he went but to Church
E'en now.

4. What, to pray at ſuch a time as this?
2. No but to help to rear the Tennor, and will come
Preſently.
3. That's to be born withal. It is indeed a diveliſh
Lopheavy Bell. I would the Churchwarden that
Should have mended it when he robb'd the poor, were
Hng'd in's place.
2. There ſaid you well. The Curate could ſay almoſt as much
When 'twas. But it makes no matter what he ſaies, I ſee
Little amended.
3. Whoop, here comes *Jeffrey* ſweating in theſe affairs.

Ent. Jeffrey.

Jeff. The great Bells of our Town, they tingle they tangle,
They jingle they jangle, the Tenner of them goes merrily.
4. O *Jeffrey*, welcome *Jeffrey*.
Jeff. And ſhall we have a Queen?
All. So they ſay *Jeffrey*. O the braveſt Woman!
Jeff. Take heed o'that, woman did you ſay? Take heed, I
Give you warning. No man muſt know ſhe is a woman
But the King himſelf. But a brave Queen ſhe is they ſay,
And loves a man with all her heart.
Where art O Queen? we'l make thee
Such an holy day, as ſhall
Juſtle all the working dayes out of our Almanack. It
Shall be ſaid that we will work no more till thy
Seventh Son, O Queen, who muſt be born a Prophet, ſhall
Foretel, the Age to come ſhall not have a true labourer
Or honeſt workman in it.
1. So we may make a long holyday indeed.
Jeff. Let work no more be thought on, we will revel it out
Of remembrance, we will not ceaſe our joy to ſleep, for
Fear we dream of work again. Down with your prophane
Tools, and Implements of Huſbandry, the very ſight of 'em
Diſhonours our new holy day.
1. But *Jeffrey*, our Maſters grudge to give us wood
Enough to make a beaking Bonefire.
Jeff. How?
2. They ſay 'tis waſte.
Jeff. Not wood to make a Bonefire?
Your Sheeplocks, Flayles, Spades,
Shovels, Rakes and Pitchforks, ſhall all be made a Bonefire.
2. And ſo we may be ſure to make holy day till
We get new ones.
Jeff. The maids ſhall bring their Rocks, their Wheels and Reels,
their Tubs, their Pales & Buttocks.
4. Buckets thou wouldſt ſay.
Jeff. Where was my mind?
Their Buckets ſhall they bring, Waſh-bowls and Butter-churns,
Their Buckingtubs, Baſkets and Battle-doors;
And all be made a Bonefire for the Queen.
3. My mother will not let her houſeholdſtuff go ſo.
Jeff. We'l burn her for a witch then with all her traſh,
And her thatcht manſion too about her Ears,
But we will ſhew our zeal unto the Queen
In fire ſufficient.
All. 4. Ah good Boy.
Jeff. Sfoot, if our Maſters do rebel againſt us
Now Majeſty's on our ſide, and not give fewel,
When we mean to give fire, as duty binds
We'l have their Carts by th' arſes, Hardles, Wheelbarrows,
The Ploughs and Harrows, and the Whips;

Because the Beasts shall play too; only we'l spare
Their Racks and Mangers. All that's made of wood
Belonging to our work besides, shall perish,
Shall perish, I have said it. Not the Politique
Molecatchers staff shall scape the flame.
Not low us wood? we'l drink up all the drink to the Queens health
And burn the Hogsheads, Barrels, Kilderkins,
Firkins and Rundlers, all to the wooden dish
Shall smoak for't in our bonefire for the Queen.

All. Good boy again.

1. But where shall we make this Houge and monstrious Bonefire?

Jeff. Here, here, just here, in this very place, I come to mark
The ground, here it shall blaze up to the Heavens, and
We will roast our Town Bull at it, with a thousand
Puddings in his belly.

All. 4. Ah good *Jeffrey* still.

Jeff. Nothing too dear to signifie our loves to the
King and Queen, let us bestir us therefore,
And enact this as a law amongst us, That
He that does not gall his hands to day with
Ringing, shall be hang'd up in the bell-rope;
And he that is not soundly liquor'd by night shall
Be made fewel for our Bonefire; such dry Rascals
Will burn better then Hereticks.
And last of all, he that does not keep his wench
Waking in the way that we wot of till to morrow milking time, shall either be
Gelt, or else led through the Town by that which
Shall be nameless in a clean stick. And so God save
The Queen.

1. And the King to.

Jeff. The King we make no doubt of, we have pray'd
For him these seven years.

All 4. A *Jeffrey*, a *Jeffrey*.

Enter a Constable and Aifside.

Const. Whither away my friends?

Jeff. To make the bravest bonefire that ever blaz'd since
Troy, or that which the Tyrant Emperor warm'd
His hands at.

Const. You must forbear.

Jeff. We must forbear, what Hebrew's that?
We understand not what must forbear means.

Const. You must forbear to make your Bonefire.

Jeff. Must? that word had nev'r been nam'd had all been *Jeffrey*;
We must forbear to set our loves on fire
Unto the King, Dost thou not feel thy self
O man what e're thou art, becoming a Traytor?
Knowst thou the words thou speakest against the King?

Const. I know what I do speak, and what I am.

1. It is the Constable.

Const. I know my Office too, by vertue whereof
I charge you in the Kings name, lay by
Your sports and pastimes, I'l lay you by the heels else.
Will you Sir know a reason? the King is sick.

Jeff. Then let us drink his health.

Const. He is sick exceedingly.

Jeff. Then let us drink exceedingly.

Const. He's sick even unto death.

Jeff. Then let us ring our Bells for that, and make a Funeral Bonefire.

Const. I say no drinking at all, no Bells, nor no Bonefires,
It is his Majesties command.

Jeffrey.

Jeff. I fay his Majeſties firſt word ſhall
ſtand for Bells and Bonefires,
Though we ſet the Town a fire, and
ring the Bells backwards.
Conſt. Ye will not be all hang'd will
ye? ſee
Here's a Gentleman and a Courtier, that
ſo ſignifies his Majeſties pleaſure.
Jeff. A Gentleman and a Courtier,
where be they?
I ſee but one.
Alfr. Sir I am both.
Jeff. What monſters are bred in *Affri-
ca?* I take you but
For one at moſt; well, for the Gentle-
man that you
Are, thus I ſalute you; Now for the
Courtier that
Is within you, I muſt wait upon it here;
this poſterior poſture did
I learn of a Spaniel whoſe name was
Courtier.
Now let me tell you Maſter Gentleman
and Courtier, that we are
Sorry that ſickneſſe ſhould make our
King and Maſter
So fickle headed as to croſſe our ſports
thus, that we
Meant to have made him ſuch an holy-
day as might
Have prov'd more worth to him than a
Wife and
Twenty ſickneſſes beſides: Yet can we
not be ſo ſorry for his ſickneſs as
that it
Was his miſhap to play mock holyday
with us.
Alfr. The King ſhall know your loves,
and for your part Maſter
Speaker.
Jeff. Your Friend and *Jeffrey.*
Alfr. Then *Jeffrey* be it, I'l promiſe
you preferment, if
You will up to Court with me.
Jeff. Up to the Gallows ſhall I not?
Alfr. My life for thine. And thou ſhalt
not deny me,
Here's Gold in earneſt, take it. The Kings
diſeaſe
Is melancholy, and thou mayſt do him
more good
Then a whole Colledge of Phyſitians.
Jeff. He takes me for a fool, I'l make
a venture on't,
The beſt is, many a Fool has thriv'd at
Court; and
The worſt is, I am not the firſt that has
forſaken
His Country. I'l along with you Sir, and
if I riſe
By you, I ſhall quickly learn Courtſhip
enough
To forget to thank you: And for your
parts my
Old Friends, what need ſoever you may
have of
Me, you muſt be ſure I'l be a ſtranger
to you.
All 4. Wilt thou forſake us *Jeffrey?*
then who ſhall daunce
The hobby horſe at our next Revel rout?
Jeff. The hobby horſe of preferment
gallops me from you;
If you chance to ſee me in my robes
hereafter
When I come to be the Fool Royal, you
may admire my
Garments, and whiſper to your acquain-
tance very ſoftly,
That you knew me once, But on your
Allegiance look
Not that I ſhould know you then.
1. Nay, we are not ſuch Clowns but
we have heard that
Courtiers in favour will know no body.
Jeff. 'Tis true, for when they are in
diſgrace the ſilliеſt
Clown will not know them.
Conſt. You were beſt look to your faſt
footing then when
You are high in favour.
Jeff. High in fooling thou wouldſt ſay
ſilly Conſtable; yet there's no
Great danger. One fool may outſtand ſix
favourites.
Alfr. Away then as thou art.
Jeff. I Sir, I'l take no ſhift with me,
I ſhall ſhift

The better when I come there.
All 4. Well, farewel *Jeffrey*, thy like will nev'r come here.
Jeff. Commend me to all the Lasses, and let not them, nor
Do not you grieve for my departure, nor for
The holyday that here is lost; instead of which, that
You may have a new one, I wish that one of you, even he
That loves me best, as speedily as may be would deserve
Hanging, that the rest may make holyday for him.
Sic valete valetote.
1. Now the Dee'l brast crag of him.
2. He's a right Courtier already.
4. I'm glad he us'd us no better, If he had
I should have cried out mine eyes for him.

Exeunt omnes.

SCEN. III.

Enter *Segebert, Anthymus.*

Seg. 'Twas a miraculus escape. Good Heaven
Is with me still. I have not heard
That any of these native Salvages,
These home-bred monsters in humanity,
These out-laws, these detested Thieves and Robbers,
Have enterpriz'd a villany like this,
To set with such a violence on men
Of our weak seeming, poor and needy Pilgrims,
When I did offer them to shun their blows,
All that we had even to our bare apparel.
Anth. It seems their aym was at our blood, not means.
And doubtlesse they were some that knew our persons
Through our disguises, and persu'd us hither
With an inveterate malice to destroy us
In this wild Desart.
Seg. Was it not enough
Thou impious Queen, and more unnatural Country,
To banish me unjustly? but thou must
Pursue my life by treacherous cruelty?
Art thou not hurt at all my Son?
Anth. Not touch'd,
To the least danger of one drop of blood
Seg. They are three sturdy Knaves and strongly weapon'd.
Anth Had they been forty Sir, while I was arm'd
By your white Innocence and holy Prayers,
Heavens justice lent me hands to beat them off.
Yet give me leave dear Sir, to ask you now
Why you have bent your Pilgrimage this way?
Leading into a country of more danger
Unto your life and safety, then your own *Northumberland*, whose King cannot but rage
In greater heat against you then the Queen,
That so unjustly banish'd you; you may fall
(Though you escape the danger of this Forrest)
Into the reach of his revengeful fury.
Seg. It was and is my purpose to appear
In person to that King at my lifes price,
Which I am no more fond of then my Country
Is of my truth. And when I have made known
Th' unfitness of the match, by the dishonour
He'l run into if he proceed in it;
If then he take my life, I am at home,
Eternally at home.
Anth. But made you none
Acquainted that you meant to travel this way?
Seg. None
But my dear son *Offa*.
Anth. Then sure the Queen
Sent her Blood-hounds after you; I perceive

They

They could not be mere Thieves.
Seg. Good Angels guard us.
They have made head again in greater numbers.
Enter Offa disguis'd and Outlaws.
Anth. Take greater courage then.
Off. Faint hearted slaves,
Must I give hire and do the task my self?
1. *Outl.* 'Tis not amisse to help for expedition.
All. Upon 'em all at once.
They fight. *Anthynus* knock down 1. *Outlaw.* *Offa* wounds *Segeberr* in the head, he sincks.
Anthynus disarms *Offa.* *Offa* runs off, whilst *Anthynus* speaks.
Anth. This sword thou never handlest more. Take you it and fresh courage Sir.
(Anth. Beats off the other and speaks on.)
May you not cease your flight till you reach Hell,
That bred ye villans; to pursue ye further
Were to neglect a nearer duty.
Dear honour'd Sir, look up;
Father, how do you?
Seg. Even almost well I hope.
Anth. He means with death,
Alas he's deeply wounded, and bleeds much.
But what do I in this? I have not tears
Enough to wash these wounds, although some linnen
To bind them up. But mearly to bewail him
With looks and lamentations is as fruitless
As here to leave him languishing to death,
And run in pursuit of his enemies
To work revenge, Neither of these bring ease.
Mount up my thoughts to Heaven then for a blessing
Upon my ready industry, and let each faculty
Of mine as prompt to works and prayers be.
How is it now Sir? do I not bind it too hard?
Pray Sir speak to me.
Seg. Offa, oh son *Offa!*
Anth. Offa is not here Sir, 'tis I, your son *Anthynus.*
Why look you on that sword so?
Seg. O son *Offa!*
Anth. Pray Sir look on me, I fear his memory fails him.
And as his mind was ever on *Offa*
Before unfortunate me; so now he gives
The merit that belongs (if any be)
Due to the duty of a son in this
From me to him. But envy be thou from me.
Why look you on that sword, and not on me?
'Twas I that wonne it for you.
Seg. O *Anthynus!*
Anth. That's well said Sir, speak though but faintly to me,
I had rather hear your groans then find you speechlesse,
Better will come I hope.
Seg. Help me to rise.
Anth. That's comfortably spoken; so, well done
Like a strong man again.
Seg. O I am weak.
Anth. Rest upon me, my strength, my all is yours.
Æneas that true Troian son, whose fame
For piety ever crowns his name
Had not a will (although my means be poor)
Exceeding mine to answer nature more,
Well said, that step became you, we shall on
I see apace, give me your sword, it troubles you.
Seg. No, not this sword.
Anth. That's the best sign of all.
Keep it and hold it fast Sir, we will back
A little to the Spring we came by, where
I'l somewhat more accommodate your wounds.
Heaven, which mens honest pains doth ever blesse,
Will when we least can hope, afford redresse.
Exeunt.

Enter

1. *Outl.* Oh, oh, some help, oh.
Enter an Hermit and Servant with a Basket.
Herm. Hark, didst thou not hear a cry?
Serv. Of nothing but
My guts that cry within me Sir for meat.
I hear no other cry, nor have not done.
Outl. Oh.
Serv. Almost these 5. years.
Herm. Peace thou belly-god, 'twas there again.
Serv. It is a belly-divel rather, that has tormented me
E're since I serv'd you under ground hereby. No man
Above ground could have fasted like me.
Herm. Hast thou not dayly food thou Caterpiller?
Serv. Yes, such as Caterpillers eat;
Blossomes and Buds, many green growing things,
Such as you make your medicines of, and Roots, would I could get
Some of the Caterpillers. A dish of Caterpillers fryed,
Let me see in what? in Usurers grease, if one
Knew where to get it, might serve to feast an Emperour.
But we live out oth' world by Prayer and Fasting.
Herm. Thou farest as I fare, feedest as oft as I.
Serv. But Sir, there's difference in our exercises. If I
Could spend my time, whole dayes in prayer, as
You do, this kind of fare or fasting
Rather, would not be so bitter to me.
Outl. Oh.
Herm. Didst thou not hear it now?
Serv. Yes, something like the croaking of a Frog me thought. If it
Were one, I would wade up to the waste for't
For my supper. Here, here Sir, here 'tis, here's more
Work for you. Once a week we are commonly troubled
Either to cure or bury one or other, thank the
Outlaws, they make us work for nothing here, as if we dwelt
Here for the purpose, nor do I know other indeed.
Herm. Look up man, canst thou speak?
Outl. O no.
Serv. There's great hope of recovery, you hear he
Sayes he cannot speak.
Herm. Canst thou hold up thy hands, and lift up thine eyes?
Serv. He does, he does; hang't he'l do well enough.
Herm. Help up his body, then down into my Cave.
Serv. And to morrow up with him again, and then down
Into a grave. Better let him lie now Sir,
You'l ne're do good on him I doubt; He looks
So damnably as if the Divel were at my elbow
For him.
Herm. Peace knave, in charity I'l do my best.
Heaven hitherto my labours well has bless'd.
Serv. Nay, had I his weight in Venison so neer kill'd, and might be allow'd to
Eat it; I would ask no more flesh while I liv'd.
(*Here enter* Offa *and the Outlaws assuring him they are dead.*)
Enter Anthynus *carrying* Segebert *in his Arms.*
Anth. Can no release be had? is this the place,
That curst piece of ground which Nature meant
Should be call'd Hell on Earth? where outrage reigns,
Murder and cruelty beyond it; deep despair
To a poor remnant of distressed life
Of al reviving comforts, food, or medicine?
Seg. Oh set me down.
Anth. And must we needs be set
By the malitious ignorance of Fortune

On this infernal way?
Seg. Patience good Son.
Anth. Where ill abounds, and every good is wanting,
Was't not enough that so much blood was spilt (which hath flow'd
From this white reverend head, from Counsels that have preserv'd the blood of Nations?
And fitter now to wear a Diadem
It self, then thus be stain'd with his own wrong. (so,
Had it not been enough to have left him
Thou Tyrant Fortune, but to take away
All means of Succour? no relief? no comfort?
Seg. Good Son, be not impatient.
Anth. And see, see,
Accursed Fate! he bleeds a fresh again,
As if his blood I now but wash'd away
Cry'd for the rest to follow it.
Seg. Indeed, (me.
Son, this impatience hurts thy self and
Better let me bleed still (bleeding's an easie death) (Heaven,
Then thou displease the awful power of
By chiding at the feign'd ones, good take heed. (I beg
Anth. Me you have justly chidden, and
Pardon of Heaven and you, and now methinks
I am inspir'd unto a further duty (tried
Of seeking remedy. I'l leave no way untried
To find it, if I may. And though my absence (grief
Will sore perplex me; I will with your
Leave you a while to forrage for relief.
But first pray let me change a sword with you Sir;
Not that I think yours better, but because
I fear some charm is in't, or secret ill (still
Gainst you, you sigh so when you view it
Seg. Good Son, forbear't, and me unto my thoughts, (with thee.
Till thou returnst, Heavens & my blessing
Anth. So strengthned I shall sure find remedy
To raise you out of this calamity.
Exit Anthynus.

Seg. This sword *Anthynus*? no, shouldst thou but know (Fury
This sword as I do, it would raise thy
Unto an execution of that horror
Would shake me in my grave: this sword
Which now I cannot but with tears remember, (Brother,
Was once mine own. I gave it to thy
(I will not call him so) but to my Son,
(Why should I call him so?) but to *Offa*,
And so I fear I name my murtherer.
For when I gave it him, I charg'd him never (same,
To part with it; he firmly vow'd the
And that whilst I or he should live, no man
Should ever give it motion but himself.
Wer't thou so greedy of my life, my *Offa*,
To snatch it from me thus? when as the wounds
Thy Parricidial hands has given me,
Are not so bitter as the wronged thoughts, (their stinks;
Though they are deep and overflow
I have two wounds within me that are deeper, (bowels
Which have discover'd in my heart and
A trebbled Spring of deerer blood then this.
One pricks me with compassion for thee,
My good, my charitable, pious Son.
All blessing due to sanctimonious vertue
Be ever thy companion, till thou art crown'd (Piety.
Mongst Sons of men the pattern of true
What foul mistrusts? puddles of jealousie
Were lodg'd in this dark bosome against thee? (run
And of affection what a pure stream did
By a false Current to my second Son?
Who by thy truth appears not now thine own. (so long
Which makes my other wound, in that
I cherish'd him by doing of thee wrong.
Now from my heart issue two streams of blood, (Vermilion.
One thick and clotty, th' other clean
In the grosse blood I vent the wrong conceit

I swal-

I ſwallow'd againſt thee my good *Anthynus.*
And in the cleer I ſee *Offa*'s falſhood may
In both my blood runs forth apace. O
My thick blood *Anthynus* be forgiven by thee.
And the clear cleanſe my *Offa*'s treachery
Oh —— *(ſincks)*

Enter Hermit and Servant.

Herm. Didſt thou not heat a groan? a dying groan?

Serv. Not I Sir, I heard nothing.

Herm. Hark, look about; I am ſure I heard a groan. (haps has groand.

Ser Here Sir, here's ſomething that per-
But it's out of hearing now.

Herm. And ſo is pitty amongſt men.
Ay me! an old man (old man,
Murthered! A ſeeming ſimple innocent
And yet he holds a ſword.

Serv. So, more work ſtill. (cure one,
Whilſt we are gathering Simples to
Here's another *John* Simple laid in our way to bury.

Herm. He is yet warm.

Serv. I, but he has no breath, not ſo much I'll undertake as a
Scolding wife that has been 9. dayes in the grave. ruthleſs villains

Herm. Alas, he's gone indeed; What
Could have done this on ſuch an aged man,
In this ſo harmleſſe habit?

Serv. Good maſter, let it warn you; though we have hitherto
Paſs'd by theſe man-Tygers, theſe wolviſh Outlaws ſafely, early and late, as not (ſince they
Worth their malice. Yet pray Sir now
Begin to kill men of this coat, and theſe years, let us
Forſake this Salvage habitation, and live
In the world of meat again.

Herm. How ill are theſe white hairs beſtain'd with red?
Methinks I ſhould have known this face.
Nothing to wipe
The blood off? come, help away with him.

Serv. He's holp away, and made away enough already methinks.

Herm. Why doſt not lift?

Serv. Sure they have blown their ſins into him that kill'd him,
He's ſo heavy, he's deadly heavy. Pray Sir let me (and beſtow him here.
Fetch my grave inſtruments & your book
You will not bury him in your Cave I'm ſure. (the wounded

Herm. I ſay I'l have him down; perhaps
Man that's there may know him.

Serv. I would I had but this Fellows weight in buttock Beef. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthynus.

Anth. I come my Father, chide not now my ſtay;
In which I was more tardy I confeſſe,
Then e're I was in duty. I have brought you —— (the place,
Where are you Sir? Ha! this was ſure
And this the very Oak at which I left him;
I mark'd it carefully, and took due heed
Even to the number of my ſteps in my
Departure, how to make my back return,
Nor was my tarriance ſuch, that in that ſpace (ground.
He could recover ſtrength to ſhift his
I wiſh it were ſo well with him. My Lord,
My father, what a miſt of douhts ſtand I
Amaz'd in? and my unſpeakable amazement
Is ſuch, that I begin to call my ſight
And memory in queſtion, whither this place?
Or whither he? or I? or any thing (me,
Be, or be not; good ſenſes do not leave
My ſearch will be in vain if you forſake me. (or where?
Father, my Lord! where are you? how?

Ecch. Here.

Anth. That was well ſaid, ſpeak on. *(Ex.)* Now where?

Ecch. Now here. *(Anth. within.)*

Anth. Now here? where is that here?

Ecch. Here. *(Ent. Anth.)*

Anth. I hear and follow, but I know not where.

Etch. Here.
Anth. At the ſame place again?
If there be place, or I know any thing,
How is my willingneſs in ſearch deluded? (plaint,
It is the Wood that rings with my com-
And mocking Eccho makes her merry with it. (become
Curs'd be thy babling, and mayſt thou
A ſport for wanton boys in thy fond anſwers, (Spirit
Or ſtay, perhaps it was ſome gentle
Hovering ith' Air, that ſaw his flight to Heaven,
And would direct me thither after him.
Good reaſon, leave me not, but give me leave
A little to conſider nearer home;
Say his diviner part be taken up (ones
To thoſe celeſtial joys, where bleſſed
Find their inheritance of immortality.
I cannot think his earthly properties
So ſoon could find the paſſage to that height.
His body would be here, poor martyr'd body, (part hence
That though it yet did live, could not
Without the help of others legs & hands.
And here haunt none, but ſuch whoſe Cruelty
Would toſſe him into further miſery.
Wild Beaſts, if here were any half ſo ravenous (were,
As thoſe inhumane mankind monſters
(That drew his blood and theſe unuſual tears)
Could not devour him all, ſome particle,
Some remnant would be left to bleſſe a Son with.
But here is none but that too ſure a ſign
For me to know the place by, where I left him.
Part of the blood I ſaw run from him. O
Dear hallowed blood inſpire me with this kiſſe (did flow.
To find the fountain whence this ſtream
I will not eat, nor ſleep until I know.
No? canſt thou tell me nothing? Then I'l take
A Sample of the precious ſtore was ſpilt,
To keep me ſtill in memory of the guilt:
And of my vow, never to feed or reſt,
Until I find him here, or with the bleſt.
Exit.

ACT. III.

Enter *Theodwald*, and meet *Ethelſwick*.

Theod. I have not known, nor read, nor heard ſince I
Was of diſcretion to know any thing
Worthy a mans capacity of the like.
Eth. You are well met my Lord.
And you as welcome to the Court my Lord, although a ſad one.
Eth. Came you now from the King my Lord.
Theod. Even now.
Eth. How left you him good my Lord?
Theod. As the Phyſitians
I fear muſt ſhortly do, not knowing what
To ſay to him.
Eth. Heaven bleſſe the King, is he
So dangerouſly ſick?
Theod. He's ſick enough
To be pray'd for my Lord:
Although I cannot properly call it
A ſickneſs: I am ſure 'tis a diſeaſe (him.
Both to himſelf and all that come about
I fear he's brain-crack'd, lunatick and Frantick, mad;
And all the Doctors almoſt as mad as he,
Becauſe they cannot find the cauſe: ſomething (what nature
They gueſſe afflicts his mind, but of
It is, or how the ſtrong conceit may grow
They can by no means win or wreſt from
Such is the obſtinacy of his diſeaſe. (him.
Eth. Where is *Theodrick* then, his boſome Friend, (gain
His ſpecial Favourite? He methinks might
The knowledge of his inmoſt thoughts.
Theod. 'Tis thought (into him.
He put theſe wild tormenting thoughts
For which the King has baniſh'd him the Court (him
And with a guard upon his perſon ſent

To

To live confin'd at his house. My self and all, (mov'd
The faithful body of the State have
The King for his repeal again to favour.
Even we that for these two years space have wish'd him (headlesse,
For good State-reasons, favourlesse and
Have beg'd for his enlargement that the King (his Brest,
Might vent his troubled thoughts into
And so find way to ease: but all in vain,
He will not hear of him.

Eth. You tell me wonders. (his rest?
But good my Lord, how takes the King

Theod. Troth as mad mortals do; we cannot tell (times
Whether he sleeps at all or not. Some-
He seems to sleep, but then his troubled thoughts (starts,
Expresse themselves in sighs, in suddain
In groans, and sometimes speech of od confus'd
And indigested matter; then he leaps
From off his bed, calls for his horse and Armour,
Swords, Spears and Battelaxes. But anon
Bids all be let alone; and calls for books,
Shoffels Divinity and Poetry,
Philosophy & Historical together, sports,
And throws all by. Then calls for merry
Which e're they be presented, he forbids,
With strong rebukes to all that spend their time
In any exercise but contemplation
In solitary places; then walks forth (those
Into the Groves and Thickets, charging
That follow him (nor dare they disobey)
To keep aloof at such proportion'd distance (ons
As he unheard by all may vent his passi-
Unto the Air, the Woods, the Rocks, the Springs. (lost him
And twice in these Retirements have we (melancholy
In those obscure Meanders which his
Has led him to; and when much industry
And care had found him out, 'twas double trouble
To wind him and his fancies home again

Eth. It is most pitiful. *Enter Physitian.*

Theod. Now, how does the King?

Phys. Full now my Lord of a new fancy. He
Is now becoming Pilgrim.

Eth. A Pilgrim, why?

Phys. I know not why, nor to what shrine, nor do
I hold it fit to ask him; but to give
Free way unto his fancy yet a while,
In all to please and play with his infirmity. (humours
'Tis our best way to cool Phrenetique
Before we kill 'em Sir.
His Pilgrimage shall not be far, though he pretends a long one.
He has on his weeds already.
And who associates him?

Phys. Only my self, and his new fool he saies.

Theo. Good, a fool and a Physitian.

Phys A Physitian and a fool you would say. The Physitian ever
Before the fool, my Lord.

Theod. And why the fool before my Lord, I pray? (have no Lord

Phys. Your Lordships pardon, we must
Along with us; though I was sent to enquire (Court?
If you Lord *Ethelswick* were come to
Whom the King sent for. *Exit Physitian.*

Theod. Sent the King for you, (Country?
After your long retirement in the

Eth. He did indeed my Lord.

Theod. There's something in't then
That savours not of madnesse altogether.
That having put by your Antagonist,
The trouble of the Court, his favourite,
He sends for you immediately upon't.

Enter King, Jeffrey, Alfride and Edelbert.

Here comes our Pilgrim King.

King. Stand all apart. (foot,
To be compleatly arm'd from head to
Cannot advance the spirit of a King
Above the power of love, nor to be clad
In poorest habit of humility
Can mortify the least of the desires
That love enflames man with. No outward dresse (lesse.
Can change or make affection more or
I have tried all the wayes I can to conquer

Or

Or to humiliate my raging passion,
Which still grows more predominant
ore my reason.
I find it in my self, and know my error,
Though no means to correct it. I do
know (loves me.
'Tis foully done to slight the Queen that
And it was an act no lesse unprincely
To cast into suspence my friendly servant
For what transgression was't in him to
love (knew
One fairer then my choice? before he
My wavering inconstancy. I know
Withal my punishment is just, how e're
My sufferings make me wish it less severe.
For my unjust removing of *Theodrick*,
I lose all helpful counsel, all relief,
That my oreburdend breaking heart
cries out for.
Into his brest I could unload my grief,
Were it compos'd of ought but his abuse
I must not, dare not trust him with this
story, (there?
Lest for redresse I meet revenge. Who's
All. My Lord the King. (I am now
King. O you are welcome *Ethelswick*,
To trust you in a serious affair.
Eth. My duty binds me to your High-
nesse service. *Kisses the Kings hand.*
King. We will walk forth together
Ethelswick.
Let none presume to follow. Not a man
Give the least motion this way on your
lives. (take me with thee?
Jeff. not I, neam King? wilt thou not
King. Pull the fool off me. (then they
Jeff. O but they shall not neam, 'tis more
Can do.
2. *Lor.* No Sir, we'l try. (presume
King Again, I charge you all that none
To follow us. *Ex. King and Ethelswick.*
Jeff. All? wilt thou leave all thy fools
behind thee neam?
1. *Lor.* All fools Sir, shall be whipt.
Jeff. And where will you find wise
men to whip 'em all? (shortly.
We shall make whipping one another
Trust me a trim Court-complement. I am
advanc'd
To high promotion, am I not? to wear
long coats again, (you
And feed on whipping cheer? but hark
Cousin Lord, do you reward fools at
Court?
1. *Lor.* Yes fool, if they deserve it.
Jeff. And is desert rewarded here too?
1. *Lor.* Yes.
Jeff. Then 'tis desert gets whipping,
and Fooling gets reward.
I'l not forsake the Court for that yet,
where I hope to
Get enough to raise half my Country.
2. *Lor.* By what project I pray thee?
Jeff By begging a monopoly, Cousin
Lord. You know fools will
Alwayes be begging, they are naturally
enclin'd to it,
Else none would be Courtiers.
4. *Lor.* And what is your monopoly?
Jeff I hope the King will give it me, if
the Lord that (wise as
Walk'd with him bring him in again as
He went out.
3. *Lor.* What is it thou wouldst beg?
Jeff. 'Tis a monopoly of fools my
Lords. That the King
Would carry no fools with him but of
my election, and (comes
By my allowance, and that when he
Back into his own Country, he bring no
new (Authority.
Ones from thence, but by the same
1. *Lor.* And what price or fee will you
set upon a fools head
For his admittance?
Jeff. According to the degree, or estate,
or quality of the fool,
Cousin Lord.
2. *Lor.* This is a covetous and a poli-
tique fool.
Jeff. Not so politique Cousin Lord, as a
Statesman that paid his
Head for his learning, nor so covetous as
a Churchwarden (as I was
May be, when I am dead and gone. But
A saying, I'l use my fools according
to their quality (him pay the more
Or breed. If he be a poor fool, I'l make

For't.

For't. If he be rich, I may be beholding to him another way. (he's
If he be a fool natural and poorly born,
Sure to pay enough for't. But if he have more breeding (fool,I'l use him
Then Capacity,and be a nobly discended
The better for your sakes Cousin Lords, and the rather because
I hope you will further my suit to the King. And so
I'l wait his coming in at the back Stairs.
Exit

3. *Lor.* This is a precious Fool.

1. *Lor.* The King (would his infirmity give leave)
Would be delighted in him.

2. *Lor.* I am glad
The King has chosen one yet to impart
(I hope) his grief unto.

3. *Lor.* But is it true, (Court ?
The King sent for Lord *Ethelswick* to

4. *Lor.* Now in his melancholy, and so presently
On the removing of his lov'd *Theodrick*.

1. *Lor.* It is most true, in which we may observe (dear,
A turn of State. Good *Ethelswick* was
Dearly belov'd indeed by our late King,
And worthily deserv'd his royal Favour.
But with his son,our soveraign Lord that is, (grace,
Youthful *Theodrick* was prime man in
And quickly shouldred *Ethelswick* from Court. (place
Theodrick's absence now resignes new
For *Ethelswick* to reassume the grace.
Thus the Court-wheel goes round like Fortunes ball,
One Statesman rising on anothers fall.
Let's wait the coming of the King my Lord. (a flight or two

3. *Lor.* We are for the Woods to make
At the Phesant *Edelberts*,

4. *Lor. Astride* agreed.
Exeunt Anthynus.

Anth. To fast and watch is duty, and no Penance,
When such affairs as mine are in pursuit.
How dare I think of meat or sleep, which are
Such hindrances to a devotion
Whose least neglect would pull down Thunder on me; (sin
And to take sense of weariness were a
Unpardonable. But to have lost 3. dayes
And tedious nights in painful diligence,
In such a search as this, for such a father;
And now to lose the hope of finding him
Is torment unexpressible. Where? which way
Shall I make further inquisition?
Yes,I will on to the *Northumbrian* Court,
And make my griefs appear unto the King. (me now
My wandring steps have almost led
Unto his Court; where if I may find grace,
Nay but humanity, I shall prevail
To have these woods, the dens of barbarous Outlaws,
In which I lost my Father, strictly search'd. (*Recorders*)
Ha! do I hear or dream? is this a sound,
Or is it but my fancy? 'tis the musick,
The musick of the Spheres that do applaud
My purpose of proceeding to the King.
I'l on; but stay; how? what a strange benummednesse
Assails and seizes my exteriour parts?
And what a Chaos of confused thoughts
Does my imagination labour with?
Till all have wrought themselves into a lump
Of heavinesse, that falls upon mine eyes
So ponderously that it bows down my head,
Begins to curb the motion of my tongue,
And lays such weight of dulness on my Senses, (der me.
That my weak knees are doubling un-
There is some charm upon me. Come thou forth (it.
Thou sacred Relique! suddainly dissolve
I sleep with deathlesse; for if thus I fall,
My vow falls on me, and smites me into Ruine. (Fate?
But who can stand against the power of
Though we foreknow repentance comes too late

Enter

Enter six Saxon Kings ghosts crown'd, with Scepters in their hands, &c. They come one after another to Anthynus; *then fall into a dance; Lend musick after the dance, the first leads away the second, he the third, so all: the last takes up* Anthynus, *and leaves him standing upright.*

Anth. Am I among the dead? or in
what Region (whither?
Either of Earth or Air? Heaven? Hell? or
Or into what am I translated? Am I
Alive, or dead, awake, asleep, a man,
Or airy ghost? or did I see or dream?
If now I be awake, and am *Anthynus*,
That griev'd *Anthynus* who has lost a
Then did I see in apparition (Father,
The ghosts of our 6. last West Saxon
Kings, (me.
As each succeeded other now passed by
Of which the last *Kenwalcus* our late
King, (nish'd
And father to the Tyranness that ba-
Mine, seemed to take me up to his suc-
cession;
It were more idle then a dream can be,
For me awake to think it possible
I should become a King, and of that land
From which my father was exild; it must
Be then a dream. As I have heard of men
That sleeping stand, nay walk and talk as
I do,
At least as I suppose. Now if I sleep
Not having seen my father, I have broke
My vow; I'l rather think me dead; then
why (sight?
Was I not blest with my dead Fathers
Why was not he with King *Kenwalcus*
now (thoughts!
That living lov'd him so? O my wild
You are become a whirlwind in my brain
Lifting me up to hurle me down again
(*falls.*)

Enter to him A'fride, Edelbert, and two followers, as from Hawking.

Alfr. Go, carry home your Hawks;
they are as good.
As er'e made flight.
Edel. I would the King had seen
(His melancholy set apart) our princely
sport.
Alfr. I hope my good Lord *Ethelswick*
by this time
Has tane the burden of his discontent
(The cause of his strong malady) from
his minde. (him too
Edel. I rather think the King has lost
Among the bushes, as he did us last night
Alfr. 'Tis a strange humour in a King;
and as
Unheard of a disease that works it in him
To hide himself in by-Walks, Caves, and
Thickets.
Edel. We shall search hollow Trees,
and Crows nests shortly
For him, if these fits hold him.
Alfr. Blesse us? look here, (righter
Is not this he? a witch could not guesse
Then thou hast done. Old *Ethelswick* has
lost him;
And here's the King asleep.
Edel. This is the habit, (not
The Pilgrims weed he went in; has he
Ended his Pilgrimage here? is he not
dead? (health it self.
Alfr. No, he is warm; and breathes like
Edel. 'Tis so, my Lord, I vow he sleeps
as if (lodging
All the seven sleepers had tane up their
In his phantastick brain-pan.
Alfr. He has not slept
We know these four nights.
Edel. Hear you, my Lord the King.
I think he sleeps for them 4, and 4. more.
I'l undertake a drum, or a whole kennel
Of scolds cannot wake him.
Alfr. 'Tis the better for us. (him home,
Edel. I do conceive you; for we'l take
And have him put in bed before he
wakes
If it be possible. (*up with him*) And there
When he has slept it out, he will perhaps
Be cur'd, and give us answerable thanks:
If not, and that he be offended for
The breach of his command, in coming
near him;
He shall ne're know who did it.
Alfr. Be it so.
Edel. Away then, softly, softly, so, so,
softly. *Exeunt with Anthynus asleep.*

Enter

Enter King as though to bed, and Ethe swick.

King. Now my good *Ethelswick*, I have told thee all, (sleep:
By which I find much ease, and hope to
But not to take a thought unto my fancy
By my soft dreams, but of my beauteous *Mildred.* (any
Nor will I in sleep or waking think of
Other adventure, till I do attain
The sight of her, and prithe *Ethelswick*
Help me, and suddainly, in my device
How to contrive a journey secretly (vants
Not with above one or two trusty ser-
To make this blisseful visit.

Eth. There are wayes (Highness
Enough considerable, by which your
May passe, and be receiv'd there undis- covered. (Pilgrim;
Seeming a private Gentleman, or a
But here will rise the difficulty, how
The misse of you at home will be receiv'd
By your Nobility and doubtful People;
Who cannot long, not knowing where you are, (jesty.
But rage in high desire to see your Ma-

King. For that I'll give command before I go,
That no affairs of State or otherwise,
No not my diet nor Attendants
Shall passe to me but by your hands; pretending
For twenty dayes a studious privacy,
To which your self shall only have admittance, (which
And take for all that come my Answers,
Frame you as you think fit; and who shall dare
To think me from my Closet or my Bed,
When you avouch me there?
As for example, we are now in private,
Answer you all comers,
I am busie, or asleep; see how they'l take it. (*One knocks.*)

Eth. That tryal is soon made; there's one already;
Who's there? what's your businesse?

Theod. Within. My businesse is to wait upon the King;
My Lord, you know me, I am *Theodwald*

Eth. My Lord, the King is private, and desires to be so; (own.
And needs now no attendance but mine

Theod. How fares his Majesty?

Eth. Reasonable well.

Theod. That's well, he was unreasonable well to day. (I pray
Good night my Lord; Let the King know
I gave attendance. You understand Court-service
If it be not ith' eye, 'tis half lost.

Eth. Your service my Lord, though the King take it not in (next
At the eye, shall have entrance at the Door, the ear; I'l make it known to him.
Good night. *Exit Theodwald.*

King. You see how easily he's answerd now; (find
So will the rest hereafter when they
It is my pleasure to be thus retir'd. (in.

Eth. Who are you? *another knocks with-*

Phys. One that must have entrance; the Physitian; (to sleep.
One that brings the King a Preparative

Eth. What is't compos'd of Prayers and meditations?

Phys. My books yield no such reading.

Eth. Nor your Coat any such practice.

Phys. I come not to be mock'd, but as you tender (presently.
His Highnesse rest, let me approach him

Eth. Good Sir, the King's at rest already.

Phys. Not asleep?

Eth. Fast, fast, and welcome Mr. Doctor.

Phys. My Lord, you'l let him know my care I hope.

Eth. I'l wake him with it when he has slept enough.

Phys. Believe't my Lord, it was my care that charm'd him.

Eth. He had not slept this fortnight else I warrant.

Phys. Pray let him know so much.
Ex. Physitian.

King. Ha, ha, they all desire to have their care consider'd,
Although in real act they merit nothing.

Eth. How now? what sawcie Knave is that? (*Knock hard, Jeffrey within.*

Jeff. You are cosen'd Cousin Lord, it is the Fool, Cousin;
How does my neam, the King?

Eth. Go Fool, follow the Physitian, he can tell you.

Jeff. I ask'd my Cousin Doctor already, and he saies,
My neam King's asleep.

Eth. And would not you be whipt to come to trouble him then?

Jeff. No Cousin Lord, I come to sing him a lullaby (shall
Out of the dream of the Divel and *Dives*,
Make him sleep till he wakes again, and't be this month. (going.

Eth. Away you Fool, I'l set you a

Jeff. O Lord, O Cousin Lord, I cannot go for running.

Eth. This will become a businesse.

King. But *Ethelswick*, when I have declar'd my pleasure,
As I'l appear, and publikely to morrow,
To give command that none upon their lives
Shall give you lesse respect in this behalf
Then I my self might claim, it will be easie.

Eth. Again? *Knock. Eaufrid within.*

Eauf. Where are you, my Lord *Ethelswick?*

Eth. Your pleasure my Lord *Eaufrid.*

Eauf. May I not see the King?

Eth. If you dare take my word, the King commands
The contrary to all men but my self
For this night; to morrow you may know
His highnes further pleasure.

Eauf. May you enjoy
This night the greatnesse of your Office;
To morrow if I have a King, I'l see and speak with him.

Eth. Not if he sleep my Lord.

Eauf. You say he sleeps, (he sleeps,
Go to, sleep (quoth a!) yes, perhaps
'Tis with his Ancestors I fear.

Eth. What shall I say my Lord?

Eauf. I say, you do not well, my Lord, to keep
Our duties back from's Majesty, that have
As well been trusted —— I will keep the rest:
But 'tis not well.

Eth. I say, that you do worse,
Officiously to interrupt his rest. (Lord,

Eauf. I wish his rest as well as you, my
Nay more: But I will keep the rest till morning, (Office. *Exit.*
And so joy to the greatnesse of your

Eth. How thinks your Majesty of this? How will (sence? *Knock*
Such as he is be satisfied in your ab-

King. I'l school 'em all.

Eth. Yet more?

Alf. Edel. My Lord, my Lord.

Eth. What would you have?

Alf. Open the door, and quickly.

Eth. I may not.

Edel. But you must; 'tis for the King.

King. How's that?

Alf. Delay not, as you'l answer't;
The King's here. (voice is that?

King. Is the King there? what traytors
Let 'em appear; (*enter*) ha! who made you King-makers?

Edel. God save the King, and blesse us all from witchcraft.

Alf. We durst have sworn we had had him fast enough here.

King. How? (you here.

Edel. Fast asleep Sir, asleep Sir, look

King. Let's see your may-game.

Alf. Look you my Lord, and judge.

Edel. Or if your Majesty will know your self, (dain
(A lesson which a King should not dis-
To learn) look here, and read the difference,
If you can find it. (prehension?

King. Is he so like me to your ap-

Eth. I am amaz'd to see't; your own eyes, Sir, (other,
Cannot in likenesse answer each the
More then this Face doth yours; his hands, his legs, (portion
All his dimensions bear the same pro-

To

To outward seeming as your Royal Person.
Nature herself were she now to behold
Her work on both of you, could scarce distinguish
By an exterior view, a difference.
Where did you find this sleeper?
King. Peace, no more, we're question that; *Cupid* has heard my prayers.
Who saw you take him up?
Edel. None but our servants, (that we
Whom we dismis'd in the same faith
Were of our selves, that 'twas your Majesty; (carriage,
And as we passd the Court none saw our
Which we brought thus obscur'd that none might take
Notice of your infirmity.
King. 'Twas well done; (strongly;
Be secret still; nay, I must charge you
And if my power be not a spell sufficient
To worke your secresie, I'l take your heads
To mine own custody.
Both. Sir.
King. Nay, I must trust ye; harke you *Ethelswick.*
Eth. I understand your course.
King. Come, into our bed with him; gently, so: (usage;
Nay Sir, you shall have Noble Kingly
Never had stranger entertainment like him.
I'l give him all I have during his stay.
Exchange my self with him, and be beholding (him.
To him besides for th' use I'l make of
I'l tell you all within: Love, that has sent
This blessing in my way, when I was in
So great a streight (I cannot think enough on't) (hopes,
To bring new life unto my fainting
If now I serve thee not with strength and skill,
Remove me as a Rebel to thy will.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Offa, 2. Outlaws.

Offa. YOu are sure they both are dead?
1. *Outl.* Both dead and buried;
The Mould is not more dead from which
The gold was tane, which we attend for,
Then are their corps.
2. *Outl.* Nor is the Mine so deep,
As we laid them in grave; not out
Of charity, but for our own security.
That none might find or know them.
Off. That was well; but are they dead indeed? (your sword
1. You saw the old one dead before
Fail'd you, and you gave ground.
2. When a mans sword is tane away, it fails him, (in our
And when he runs away, he gives ground
Language.
1. Then we being two against one, we soon dispatched him. (saw
2. Alas he was e'en spent before, you
The worst of him.
Off. But he's dead to y'are sure?
1. Dead? sblood, I have told you threescore times
They are both dead; so is our fellow too, poor Rogue:
He bid us take his share betwixt us, and drink it (use
To the health of all the Furies in hell, to
Him the more kindly. Will you discharge us Sir? we have
Waited for our hire, while we have lost another bargain
Of blood worth two on't.
Off. They are both dead you say?
2. Give us our money Sir, and find 'em you alive, we'l kill
'Em again for nothing; and you or any friend of yours into
The bargain if you please.
Off. Stay; let me think.
1. What's the matter? your conscience sure is crop-sick.
Off. My conscience tells me 'twas a bloody businesse, and that

To pay the price of their dear blood were to
Augment my ſin.
2. Is't come to this? —— draw.
Off. Nay here's your money Gentlemen, but you muſt ſtoop for't:
I dare not look upon the giving of it.
1. If that be all, the ſight of it ſhall never trouble you—oh. *they ſink.*
Off. Ha, ha, ha. You have made my conſcience whole
Again with laughing. Why took ye not your money with ye to
Drink among the Furies? Ha, ha, ha. D'ye hear my friends?
Pray ſtay, take your money; are you ſo Quickly out of hearing? What ſhallow Rogues were (enough, men of
Theſe till now? now they are deep
Profound underſtanding; this Gimcrach I devis'd for
Their entertainment; where you ſhall faſt and welcome
Gentlemen, till you have tried the concluſion, whether Famine
Can break ſtone walls; I am ſure they are thick enough
To drown your cries, though they be lowder then the
Voice of vengeance. So ends their Scene. Some conſcience now
Would aſk me, why haſt thou (thus?
Diſpatch'd thy Father and thy Brother
But mine informs me, I did very well.
Your reaſon Sir, replies the ſcrupulous conſcience? (was
Mine roundly anſwers that my brother
Elder then I, and by right to inherit
My Fathers fair poſſeſſions, of which
I have ſo ſweetly taſted. But your Father
By a moſt dear and ſupernatural love
Gave you the greater bleſſing; & in time
Might have conferr'd all on you by your policy.
To this again I anſwer, that my Father,
Whoſe dotage meerly & not my deſerts
Made him ſo good to me, might in my abſence
Have idly grown as fond on tother ſide.
For to ſpeak truth, and not to wrong the dead,
My brother was religious, pious, honeſt,
And was endued with all theſe unknown gifts (the end
Which holy men call vertues; which in
If they be ſuffer'd to run on will find
Double reward, they ſay. His could not be (Father.
Found here, but in my loſſe, and by my
Now if they may be had ith' tother world,
I am ſo far from being their hinderance,
That I have ſent them both the higheſt way.
Many good reaſons more I could deliver,
But that I am prevented.

Enter Mildred, Edith.

Ed. Ods my pity, (think
Be comforted good Madam, can you
By caſting down your ſelfe to raiſe them up (a Brother
From death again? what? you have yet
May ſtead you for a Father, Huſband,
Friend, or what you will.
Mild. Gentle Nurſe, forbear me.
Off. Go prate among the ſervants.
Ed. I have a mind to watch you though a little.
Off. Y' have heard the news, and mourn for't I perceive, (Father,
Of the unfortunate ends of our dear
And our beloved brother. (Brother.
Mild. E'en drowned in griefe too
Off. Troth I was (out
Sunk over head and ears; but am crept
Of ſorrows lake e'en dropping dry, as they ſay; (off.
And have done what I can to ſhake it
And would now counſel thee, my beauteous Siſter,
To cleer thoſe looks again, that only can
Revive my drooping heart, we only are
Left now to be each others comforter.
I have made known my love to you.
Mild. O my brother, (horror,
That knowledge is a grief of no leſſe
Then was the bloody news that pierc'd my heart.

Mention

Mention that love no more, nor call it love,
Which is but foul desire.
Off. Peace, hear but this, (sire
D'you think it is not love? would I de-
You in that neerest kind, if I not lov'd you? (a man?
Mild. What? love a Sister so? are you
Off. Sure I do hope so, and that you shall find it. (my dishonour?
Mild. Can you unto your shame seek
To damn us both, in that abhorred way
Which by avoyding, man is best distinguish'd
From the most brutish beasts.
Off Peace again. (suffer word
Mild. I cannot, may not peace, nor
Importing such a purpose pierce mine ears. (strous lust,
Twice have I beaten back your mon-
(Could I but call it lust, it were too much (honour;
Though in a Monarch to my Virgin
But in you beastly Incest) and before
I'l live in danger of one offer more,
I'l die by mine own hand.
Off. You shall not rob
Me so of my revenge, if you deny me.
And 'tis another argument of my love,
If 't please you to collect it, that you have liv'd (warn'd
Till now, still obstinate. But be you
And take withal to your consideration
Your provident Father, and your valiant Brother, (now
(Whom you so priz'd above me) are not
To oversee or side you.
Mild. He indeed
Was a most vertuous Brother.
Off. Therefore take
This for your latest warning;
This night to meet me in my full desires,
In your as free embraces, or pale death.
Go clear your eyes, and think on't; but be sure (you.
You think to do withal as I command
I'l pitch thee headlong into Hell else.
Come,
I know thou wilt affect me; can there be
A neerer or more requisite love indeed
Then the sweet mixture of a Brother and Sister? (that gave me
Well said, there was a blushing smile,
Thy full consent; O thou wilt ravish me.
Mild. Pray, let me think a little.
Off. Prithe do. (Heaven that knows
Mild. H'as taught me to dissemble;
My thoughts are chaste and pure, will pardon me
I hope, if to preserve my life and him
From greater sin, I use a little of
The art too much practic'd among women, (bloody;
Of smooth hypocrisie. I know his heart is
And he may be too suddain, if I win not
Time on him, by some subtiler shift to wave
His foul attempts, untill I get free
Out of this gripe to use my liberty.
Off. What saies my Sister now?
Mild. My Lord and brother.
Off. I marry, this begins well.
Mild. That I love
Your noble person, nay am taken with it,
With more then sisterly affection, is
A truth no way to be dissembled; you
Already like a well read scholler find it,
In *Cupids* love-letters my friend, my maiden blushes.
Off. This has some sound in't.
Mild. But when I consider,
What scandal, or what too neer Affinity
In noble blood, and the Nobility of our house, (Law,
(Unfit to fall within the centre of the
Or the constructions of mens ruder manners)
May cast upon us.
Off. Stay my lovely *Mildred*;
What? or whose eye, or thought, shall glance at us?
Whilst we in safest privacy enjoy
The bliss of mutual pleasure.
Mild. It is yet
Too intricate a doubt for me to find
A resolution in. But my sweet Lord,
(Oh that I could not call you Brother) then

I would

I would be nearer to you then a Sister.
So eager and so equal is my love
With yours; if you please but to give me time,
But one weeks liberty, to frame my self
Obedient to your will in all, I now
Will give you a faithful pledge to render
The satisfaction you demand.
Off. A week; what pledge?
Mild. A loving kisse.
Off. You could not name a better,
Short of the further happinesse I covet.
Give me't. (will not
Mild. But you shall swear by't that you
Abridge my liberty, nor urge your suit
Further these seven dayes.
Off. By this kisse I swear. (so dear.
Mild. My patience never bought a kiss
But keep your vow.
Off. Well, well, I'l do my best.
Mild. He's not yet perfect, you must strive my love,
To curb your hot desires, as I do mine.
I could my self dwell ever on your lips,
Never outgo the circle of your arms.
Could I but hope to be your wife. But O,
What I have promis'd you, I must allow
At the time limited; till then urge it not.
For take my vow with yours, if you dare break it,
I dare to kill my self; and by that time,
If I not yield my self unto your will,
My life is yours either to save or kill.
Off. Go, th'art a noble wench, enjoy thy liberty. *Exeunt Edith.*
Ed. I have enough, listning is good sometimes. (it? stay,
Good Heaven! who would have thought
Let me not be too hasty.
Off. Yet I fear,
I shall hardly hold out a week;
'Tis a great while believe't in such a case
As this, for one to forbear his own Sister,
That has so good a mind to't. And perhaps (me.
This may be cunning in her to delude
Were not I better take her by surprise,
In a soft sleep to night? sure I shall keep her
From killing of her self, till I be satisfied.
And then if she be weary of her life,
I may be kind enough to help her out on't; (Beldame,
Because she sayes she loves me, Out you
How in the name of Lucifer cam'st thou hither? (Honour,
Ed. O my good Lord, I do beseech your
Forbear your fury; I have such a business.
Off. To eavesdrop have you not? I am not safe,
Unless I kill this Witch.
Ed. My Lord, my Lord, (by.
You are the Lord that I do look to live
And if I die my Lord, you lose the knowledge
Of such a secret.
Off. Pox upon your secret.
Ed. 'Tis such a privity.
Off. Hell take your privity.
Ed. You will repent in Hell my Lord, if you or I (the thing
Should leave the world before you know
That I can open to you; which when I have unfolded, (occasion
Kill me if you please. I did but watch
To find you private to reveal it to you.
Off. Will you be brief then?
Ed. Thus it is my Lord,
My Lord, your Father's dead.
Off. And what of that?
Ed So is your elder Brother.
Off So they say forsooth.
Ed. But are you sure th'are dead?
Off. I fear this jade
Has overheard me.
Ed. For d'ye see my Lord, (clos'd
I would not in their life time have dis-
This hidden matter for a whole worlds good. (Brother
And thus it is, your Father and your
Being dead, Heaven rest their souls.
Off. Whats that to me?
Ed. Nothing my Lord, but now comes that concerns you; (gone,
Your Father and your Brother being
(Heaven rest their souls) there I begin.
Off. You began there before, if that be the beginning,

Your

Your for ever world without end
We shall never come at it.
Ed. Now that concerns you;
You think you have a Sister.
Off. Do I but think so?
Ed. No truly my good Lord, you do
but think so. (stroy'd herself?
Off. Is *Mildred* dead? has she de-
Now since she left me here, to spight my
love. (not
Ed. You hear me not say so, I saw her
Since I left both of you together here.
Off. Unfold your riddle Sphinx, I'l dig
it else (meaning?
Out of your rotten belly. What's your
Ed. *Mildred* is not your Sister.
Off. How? not my Sister?
Ed. Not your own natural Sister.
Off. Because she is unnatural; didst
thou but know
What a poor easie request she deny'd me
Thou wouldst say she were unnatural
indeed. (same mother,
Ed. I mean, she was not born of the
Nor got by the same father that you
were. (good, I'l Saint thee.
Off. Speak that again; make but that
Ed. My Lord, I can and will maintain
it, I, (lately,
Not only for some wrong she did me
Nor for the good my Lord that you may
do me, (she's discarded;
Though all the estates your own when
But to let truth appear, which has been
long (I say't;
A burden, and an heavy burden, though
And so will any woman say, 'tis to keep
councel
So many years together as I have done,
I had much a doe to keep it in, I wis,
In my good old Lords dayes. Lord how
he lov'd her! (the truth on't;
But few men know their children, that's
And let that go.
Off I, quickly to the point.
Ed. The point is this, I lov'd my old
Lord well; (lov'd
Therefore was loth to grieve him; and I
My good old Lady better; therefore I
kept
Her councel to this hour: You now are
all (love now
That's left of 'em; and whom should I
But your sweet self my Lord? I'l tell
you all: (Sister,
This *Mildred*, whom you so long call'd
Was not your Fathers, nor your Mothers
child;
But in the absence of your Father, when
Sixteen years since he was sent by the
King (with child,
Upon an embassie, your mother then
By sad mischance brought forth a still
born babe;
At the same time a Lady nobly born
Whose husband was in Exile, brought
forth this,
This Lady *Mildred*.
Off. Then she is nobly born?
Ed. Yes, and by womans slight, of
which this is (chang'd;
Not first example, th' Infants were ex-
Because your loving father might find
joy
In a fair daughter at his home-return.
Off. Canst thou prove this?
Ed. If in three dayes I do not (ply
Make it appear most plain to you, multi-
Your wrath upon me.
Off. Do so; and dost hear?
I'l never call old woman witch hereafter
What e're I think. We may be married
now, (mine.
And *Mildreds* love may freely answer
We now may safely mix, and to't again,
Strange strong events are labouring in
my brain.
Come you with me. *Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Ethelswick, and Edelbert.

Eth. What fury has possess'd 'em?
all our art,
And the Kings policy will be prevented,
By the brain-giddiness of these wilful
Lords. (to give way
Edel. We have no way my Lord, but
Unto their violent rage, & quit the Court.
Eth. And since we can make good our
place no longer,
Post after our King Master, & leave them
With

With their new King at home here, that's as mad
As they. (wonder
Edel. And madder too; I cannot
More what he is, then at the fate that sent him.

Enter Theodwald, Eaufride, Guard, Physitian, 2. Attendants.

Theod. My Lord, both in the King and States behalf,
In which you may excuse us.
Eauf. Sh't, sh't, let him take it
How he or will or dare, we have agreed.
The body of the Council have decreed it
You must depart the Court.
Eth. Must?
Eauf. Must and shall, (have had
You and your trim confederate; you
The rule here over your Ruler, till you
have made him (forgive me
Wild, frantick, mad, and us too; God
For saying so, almost as mad as he;
I hope it is no treason.
Edel. No, cause you said almost;
But had you said you had been full as mad,
You had pass'd a Subjects boldnesse.
Eauf. Take 'em hence;
Thrust 'em out oth' Court.
Theod. Nay, without violence.
Eth. Well my Lord, when we see the King in's wits, (thank you.
We'l tell him of our usage, that he may
Eauf. In the mean time go travel on adventures,
Whilst we do our indeavour to amend
What you have marr'd by screwing the Kings brain
Into the nick of Order once again.
(Put forth a bed, Anthynus on it bound)
See, see, my Lord, how they have kept him dark, (King
Manacl'd and bound on's bed? was ever
Us'd thus? for pities sake unbind him quickly.
Anth. What Fiends or Fairies are ye?
Phys. Let his passion
A little vent it self, e're you unbind him.
Anth. What? new tormentors? or into what way
Of further mischief do ye mean to throw me? (nesse comfort.
Theod. We come to bring your High-
Anth. Highnesse?
Have you that mockery for me too? I told
The rest that slav'd me with that attribute, (and all
From whence I came, who, what I was,
The story of my fathers wrongs, and mine
(Too many ever to have been, but heaven
Mark'd 'em out for us) and I told 'em too (Fasting,
What I had undertane by Watching,
Prayers too (unfit to boast of) with the Industry (Father.
I practic'd to have found my wounded
For which (as though I durst have faith in merits) (King,
They mock'd me with the title of a
And bound me here as they thought to believe it. (were due
'Tis a new way of punishment; and
To one that thought his duty meritorious. (my teeth
But I will break these Gives, and with
Tear off these manacles.
Phys. O do not strive my Liege.
Anth. Thy Liege, Dog-leech? are you at that garb too? (out
I wish I had one finger loose to fillip
Thy brains and skill together for the Ratcatchers. (urinal mettal.
Phys He thinks my skull's made but of
Theod Be patient Sir.
Anth. Sir, yet may be endured.
Eauf Have but a little patience, we'l unloose you. (that's tied to't.
Anth. A grave perswasion to a man
Humb, humb, humb.
Eauf. Beshrew their heards that us'd him thus to vex him.
How do you like him Doctor?
Theod. Did you mark (Father?
His talk of wrongs, and of a wounded
And how he will not hear of being a King? (cies fall
Phys. I, all, all, I know all; such fan-
Naturally into this disease, which now

Is

Is almoſt a wild Phrenſie, that will ſeldome
Suffer the Patient think himſelf to be
The perſon that he is; nor oftentimes the Creature, (Fowl:
But ſome four-footed Beaſt, or feather'd
But could I faſten but a ſlumber on him,
Which muſt be the firſt entrance to my work. (barbarous councel?
Anth. Have you concluded yet your
If not, take my advice with ye: call the King, (ſcorn me;
The King with whoſe authority you
Let him but hear (for you will never tell him) (give
From my own lips how willingly I'l
My voice unto his marriage; and I'm ſure
He'l ſet me free; at leaſt by death.
Eauf. Alas, (have?
What King? what freedome would you
You are our King, and ſhall command your freedom, (while.
And all our lives, would you but ſleep a
Anth. Sleep? make no doubt of that; look, I can ſleep, (Cart,
With as much eaſe as one bound in a
Driving to execution. But do you hear?
My vow was not to ſleep nor eat untill
I had perform'd a work, which I ſhall never, (ken.
Never accompliſh, now my vow is bro-
For they by witchcraft charm'd me into ſleep,
And tempted me with meat at unawares,
Before my ſleep-drown'd ſenſes were collected; (ments here,
And put me on theſe unknown gar-
With an hayl Maſter; ſo betray'd me into
This irkſome folly, or this fooliſh thraldome. (broke; you now
Theod. 'Twas a raſh vow, and ſo well
Shall be releas'd: unbind him at my peril.
Theſe rigorous courſes have done hurt upon him; (you;
We have provided otherwiſe to pleaſe
For we have call'd *Theodrick* home again
Your Favourite, whoſe abſence was a grief to you; (guiſhing love
Nay more, becauſe 'tis thought your lan-
Bred your diſtemper, we have taken care
For haſtning of your marriage; your fair Queen (row.
Is ſent for, and at hand to eaſe your ſor-
Anth. My Favourite, and my Queen! leave theſe abuſes;
My hands and feet are now at liberty
(Strikes and kicks.)
Theod. So is our duty, and if your Majeſty
Will tread our due allegiance into duſt,
We are prepar'd to ſuffer.
Anth. Would to heaven,
I could unfold this myſtery.
Eauf. See my Lord,
Theodrick is come. *Ent. Theodrick.*
Theodr. Moſt gracious Sir, (ſure,
That I have ſuffred under your diſplea-
In being barr'd your preſence, which no leſſe (me,
Then the all cheering Sun gave life to
Was not ſo much my grief, as not to know (now
What my tranſgreſſion was; and let me
Implore your mercy ſo far as to name it;
Which if I cannot cleer me of, I'l loſe my life, and willingly.
Anth. If I could think this ſerious, 'twere enough (ter.
Almoſt to turn my ſorrows into laugh-
Theodr. O turn not from me royal Sir, t' augment (you will not
Your Highneſſe diſpleaſure; but in caſe
Be pleas'd to name my treſpaſſe, give me leave (you,
To ſpeak what I ſuppoſe has troubled
And caus'd me cauſeleſly to be ſuſpended. *Enter Genius whiſpering him.*
Anth. I feel a ſecret inſtigation in me,
I hope by ſome good Angel that inclines me,
At laſt to yield a little to theſe men.
What wouldſt thou ſay?
Theodr. My Lords, and all forbear
The preſence; never fear, all ſhall be well.
Theodw. Heaven grant it.
Eauf. Was not this my policy, (wit
To ſend for him? more, was it not my
To faſhion letters as with's own hand

To fetch the Queen? you'l see more at her coming. *Exeunt all but Theodrick, Anthy.*

Theodr. May't please you now but to review these Pictures.

Anth. Good memory help me; this is of the Queen, (Father;
The cruel Queen that banish'd my good
And this the lively Image of my Sister.

Theodr. Now may it please your grace to recollect, (Mistresse,
How when I told you this was my fair
Your passion first siez'd on you; and pardon Royal Sir, (sion
If I have since conjectured my transgres-
Was meerly this, that I lov'd one so fair,
I dare not yet say fairer then your choice.
But freely thus, to expiate my trespasse,
As I resign the Picture, I give up
All interest in her person, never more
Beyond your free consent to see that Beauty. (am taught

Anth. I have found all the error, and
By hidden inspiration to make use on't.
(Genius still whispers him.)
Give me fresh rayment, I'l take all upon me (me thinks
(Their Crown if they will give it) yet
This is so like a dream—where else can be (not
King *Osrick* all this while, that he comes
To throw me out of this usurped right?
Strange and new thoughts possesse me.
(Gen. whispers) Now I call
To mind the vision that I had of being
Call'd to the Throne of the west Saxons Kings. (love
It must be by this Queen, whom how to
I cannot find. My *Genius* promps me, yes
I hear it now, as by an Angel spoke.
And that my vow was rashly made, well broke;
I am confirm'd, & come she I am for her.
(puts on Hat, Feather, and Cloke) ex. Genius.
Well said *Theodrick*; *(Theodrick* is his name?)
How do I look *Theodrick*?

Theodr. I can find (nesse.
But little change, which I allow to sick-

Anth. Well said, thou never flatterest.

Enter Jeffrey winding an Horn.

Jeff. News, neam King, news, news;
News that will make thee well, beest thou never so sick.
News that beest thou never so well, will make thee sick.
News that will make thee mad, beest thou never so tame.
News that beest thou never so mad, will make thee tame.

Anth. What's thy news? (this.

Jeff. A wife, a wife, a wife can do all
The Queen is come, and all my Cousin Lords (ho,
Are gone to fetch her in in pompe: Oh
Knight me, oh Knight me quickly for my news.

Theodr. Away you fool.

Jeff. Away you Favourite.
Hinder me not unlesse I propheste,
Kings, Fools and Favourites never shall agree. (graves,
And many years after we are in our
Fools shall be Knights, and Favourites shall be——known
From black Sheep, I propheste.
Oh ho, she comes, she comes; now neam King, (a day,
Bear up stiff before and meet her. Here's
And a night towards indeed. Oh ho, the house (turn
Begins to reel already, and all our brains
Round; oh ho.

Enter Ushers bare, Kelrick and Elkwin, Theodwald and Eaufride, a Cardinal, the Queen, two Ladies bearing up her Train, Followers, the Queen Bertha kneels, Anthynus as King takes her up; kisses her; they confer; the four Lords salute and confer; Theodwald and Eaufride give their supposed Kings hand to the Cardinal. Kelrick and Elkwin give their Queens hand to the Cardinal; the Cardinal joyns their hands, Anthynus and Bertha kisse; all the Lords embrace; the Exeunt in state as before.

Jeff. Oh what a night will here be? what a night will here be?

What

What a beast am I? that I have not at
least half (Lasses with child now,
A score of my wholesome Countrey
That forty weeks hence the Queen
might have her
Choice of Nurses; there had been a
thriving way to raise
My fortunes indeed. Oh what a night
will here be!

Exit.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Mildred, Offa.

Mild HElp, help, oh help. (vain.
Off. Your cries will be in
'Tis not in the power of any flesh but
yours,
To allay, or to prevent my heat of blood.
Mild. O you diviner powers that or-
dain'd chastity (guard it.
To be a vertue, lend your strength to
Off Thy cries shall be as fruitless as thy
life (this
If thou offend'st me with 'em; hear but
Impertinently peevish maid, and tremble
But to conceive a disobedient thought
Against my will. Canst thou without my
favour,
Be better then a begger?
Mild. Yet a begger
Is better then a Whore.
Off. How canst thou judge (wench
That knowst not what is either? let a
That knows what's what, or has been
both, maintain it;
But this is from the purpose; I am so far
From casting of thee off to be a begger,
As I intend to make thee my rich equal,
And not a Whore, but wife; you know
your Nurse
Has undertaken to find it lawful for us
To marry; and canst thou with modesty
Deny me present pleasure, that within
these three dayes
Shall confer honour on thee for thy life?
Mild. Would you first spoil my honor
to repair it?
Off. 'Tis mine when I contract for't.
Mild. Not before
Our Covenant is pass'd; that is, the Priest
Has joyn'd our hearts and hands.
Off. By this account, (paid for't;
A man backs not his Horse before he's
Nor puts his nose into a house before
He buyes the Lease on't; leave your
preeise folly, (thee,
Madam formality; force me not to force
Yield with that very breath thou now
drawest in,
Or it returns thy last. *Enter Edith.*
Ed. My Lord, my Lord.
Off. This Witch or Divel haunts me.
Ed. O my Lord,
I told you late a wonder; I bring now
A miracle, a miracle.
Off. What with a mischief?
Ed. Your Brother is surviv'd from
death again; (safe,
My Lord *Anthynus* is come home and
The Heavens be prais'd.
Mild. O grant that it be true.
Off. Out Hag. (I lie;
Ed. Nay, run me in as far as you can if
Up to the Hilts if I lie.
Off. What canst thou mean by this?
Ed. Nay, what he means I knew not,
for he denies his name,
Sayes he is not *Anthynus*, but a *Northum-
brian* Gentleman; (*Mildred*
And desires conference with my Lady
From the fine Lord was here (what call
you him?)
The Kings great Favourite; But if I am I,
If you are you, if any thing be any thing,
It is *Anthynus*. *Ex. Mildred. Ex. Edith.*
Off. Go you to your Chamber, (enter,
And be not seen I charge you. Let him
But first send in my servants. (Villains,
I did mistrust he liv'd; O those false
That fac'd me down they kill'd him,
may they be (*thynus*?
A year a famishing. Have you tricks *An-*
How can he thinke, though he disguis'd
his name (his person?
Or Countrey, that we should not know
What should his aim or drift be? stay,
perhaps
He does suspect I was in the action

Against my fathers life and his, & thinks
him dead,
So steals upon me thus as his own ghost,
To terrifie my conscience, shallow, shallow;
But I'l so fit him; It is most evidently he.
Enter Osric, Alfride, four Servants, at the other d or Arno d.
Osr. My Lord, how e're
Some of your servants are pleas'd to make themselves (me,
Merry with a pretended knowledge of
I do presume your honour cannot know me. (clearer truth.
Off. From one so false never came
Osr. What means your hono r?
Off. It is true, my honour (Brother,
Cannot, nay, dares not know thee for a
Although mine eyes through tears of grief and anger, (so.
Discern the monster I have often call'd
Osr. This is most strange.
Off. Look that he come not near me;
Perfidious Parricide, hast thou kill'd my Father? (now
Destroy'd the life that gave thee life? and
Seek'st by surprize to take mine too?
Osr. Pray hear me. (pieces;
Off. Upon him all at once, hew him in
I'l bear you out in't; he has kill'd your Lord.
Osr. Forbear your outrage.
Alst. Give us leave to speak.
Off Villains, are they to be obey'd or I?
Arn. My Lord, your judgement is too rash upon them. (Lord,
Fellows forbear, and forbear you my
You shall not so heap blood upon your head; (prize
I lov'd my Lord your father, and do
His blood and memory, as becomes a Servant (worst
Of the best rank: And if at most and
My Lord *Anthynus* here stand guilty of
His fathers death, you must not be his Judge,
Nor we his Executioners.
Off. Are you
Become my master, you old Ruffian?
Arn. No,
Your Servant Sir, but subject to the Law;
The Law that must determine this mans cause,
Not you, nor we, what ever he deserves.
And till he shall be censur'd by that law
We'l find a Prison for him.
Serv. I, to Prison with him.
Osr. Will you but hear yet how you are mistaken?
Arn. Pray heaven we be, as you may clear your self; (must be
That's all the harm we wish you; this
Your course my Lord; would you heap blood upon you?
Alst. Let me but speak a word.
Arn. As we go twenty.
Off. Away with 'em. *Exeunt.*
I could have lik'd the other shorter way
Much better; but my knaves will have it thus,
Yet not to wrong 'em, simple honesty
May be in such sometimes as well as me.
Exit.
Enter Carpenter, Mason, Smith, in Divels habits; two dark Lanthorns, a Pickaxe and a Rope, with an Engine fastned to a Post, and a bunch of Picklocks.
Mas. Prethee tread softly yet a little further,
And we are safe.
Smi. Hark, heard ye nothing? whist.
Carp. I never knew Thieves so timerous as you are. (nesse?
Can we expect a booty without boldBesides, have we not shapes if we were spyed,
Able to fright better Believers then
My politick Lord oth' house here.
Mas. Hark prethee.
Carp. All's sure I warrant thee.
Smi. I pray it prove so.
Carp. Pray on I prethee; prayers become this coat, (are all,
Like swearing in a Surplisse; tush, they
All the whole house asleep, and I heard nothing (sleepy sounds,
As we pass'd through it, but usuall
Puffing and blowing, snorting farting and such like. Yes

Yes, I cry mercy, as we paſs'd by the Butlers chamber, (doubt,
I heard his bed crackle ſhrewdly, and I
The Dary-maid and he were jumbling of
A Poſſet together. Come, now we are ſafely arriv'd at the
Fountain of our hopes, the well of comfort. Smith, lay
Down your Picklocks, they have done well their office in our paſſage hither. Maſon,
Advance your Pickaxe, whilſt the Carpenter ſquares out
Our new work; now for the honour of Artificers; here, here,
Here is the Trap-door, the mouth of the rich mine, which
We'l make bold to open. And let men of our Occupations (and
Learn the way that many grow rich by,
No body knows how they come by their wealth. That (theſe, for
Is, when they make ſuch concavities as
Rich men to hide their treaſure in, that they (come and
Make alſo a privy way for themſelves to
Take a ſhare on't. (has laid in

Maſ. This covetous Lord by this time
An unknown deal of wealth, I warrant you. (at once.

Smi. But we'l not take away too much

Carp. No, we'l but piddle; we'l not take above (I'l go down;
A thouſand pounds to night. (*opens*) So,
And when I ſhake the rope, then crane me up again; give me one of
The Lanthorns: So, ſo, ſo, let me down handſomely; (before day yet.
I'l warrant you money, the Divel and all

Smi. Nay, if we get off clear but with a thouſand pound
Amongſt us, it will ſerve for drinking
Money till we come for more.

Maſ. This money will come luckily for a better purpoſe.
I have three baſtards at nurſe and a fourth in the Paniers.
The rope ſtirs; pull luſtily, this pull for a Thouſand pound. (*Outlaw comes up*)

Smi. I fear 'tis light gold, methinks he does not weigh (what haſt thou
So heavy as he went down. Comrade, Brought? what ail'ſt thou? canſt not ſpeak? I hope thou
Wert not frighted.

1. *Outl.* O help! where am I? drawn from one hell into another? ha!

Maſ. Come, leave your fooling, what money have you? (I'd give all

1. *Outl.* Had I the price of Kingdoms
But for one bit of meat; but I have none.

Smi. Slid, he would coſen us; how do you look when you lie?
Oh me!

Maſ. What aileſt thou?

Smi. This is not he; it is a gaſtly ſpirit.

1. *Outl.* What? are you men?

Maſ. Yes, but we have play'd the Divels, till we have
Got a ſpirit betwixt us.

1. *Outl.* If you be men, help me to food, a little food.

Maſ. What art thou that canſt look thus Piepeckt, Crowtrod, or Sparrow-blaſted? ha!

1. *Outl.* O, I am pin'd with hunger.

Maſ Here, ſtay thy ſtomach; there's a cruſt I brought
To ſtop the open mouth of the Maſtive, if he had flown at us.

Carp. O pull, pull away.

Smi. There he is now I am ſure.

Carp. I ſhall be devour'd elſe.

Maſ. Whats the matter Fellow?

Carp. Take his teeth out o' me, I cannot tell you elſe.

(*Pull up Carp. an Outl. banging on him*)

Maſ. O Cannibal! wilt thou eat a Carpenter?

2. *Outl.* O meat, meat, if you be men.

Maſ. No, we are Divels; but here's another cruſt for thee
What e're thou art; we have play'd the Thieves to
Very good purpoſe.

Carp. He has gnaw'd a piece of my Flank out with's teeth;
And miſs'd very narrowly certain members of more moment, They'd

They'd have gone down glib with him; now in the
Divels name, what are ye?
Smi. Until their cruſts be done they cannot tell us.
Maſ. Come, I do ſuſpect the ſubtilty of this cruel politick
Lord; would we were well out on's houſe. No noiſe my
Maſters, and we'l bring you to meat enough; and then
We'l hear your ſtory, and tell our own; a word more
Here, may coſt all our lives..
Smith. Take up your tools and lead the way.
Enter Mildred and Edith.
Smi. Come, ſoftly, ſoftly then.
Mild. I will away this night.
Maſ. Peace, hark.
Ed. But Madam. (perſwaſion,
Mil. Had you the only Tongue of all
So much I prize my life, & honour more,
I would not miſſe this opportunity
For all that you could ſay.
Smi. Are not theſe Sprites?
Carp. No evil ones I'l warrant, they are ſo white;
Hark a little more.
Ed. To night he's troubled 'bout *Anthynus* coming, (tonneſſe.
So that he will not think of luſt or wan-
Mild. That trouble keeps him waking; and I fear (withhold him.
Will rather ſpur him forwards then
Smi. They talk methinks; but I cannot hear what
For ſhaking. (thy Picklocks,; ſlid,
Carp. Take heed thou doſt not jingle
They'l ring up the houſe like a larum bell.
Ed. Well, ſince you are ſo reſolute, would we were out of the
Houſe once, if we be taken, 'tis not the price of (goes, can ſave
A million of Maiden-heads, as the market
Our lives. (they be. They
Carp. Good, I have found what ſprites
Muſt needs be the wenches that I ſuſpected were in
The Butlers chamber, and made the ſtiff ſtanding bedſtead that
I ſet up but laſt week, crack like a wicker chair.
Ah Rogues! I heard ye.
Ed. Oh me! we are undone and taken.
Maſ. I'm glad 'tis no worſe.
Carp. Peace, if you have a mind to ſcape out oth' houſe alive. they be
Mild. Come Nurſe, my fear is over, if
Men, and bring us out oth' houſe,
They cannot be ſo dangerous as he I ſcap'd.
Carp. Did he ſo put thee to't, my little Buſtlepate? what a ſtout blade's this Butler?
Mil. Theſe are good Fellows Nurſe.
Carp. Yes faith, and fear you nothing for all our diveliſh
Outſides; if we ſcape out o' the houſe, you ſcape, and (by't; and ſo
If we fail, our necks are ſure to hang
On there afore once more in the name of darkneſſe. (repulſe
Off. If my attempt now fail, may my
Strike luſt for ever out of countenance.
(*Ent. Offa, light and Dagger.*)
It is decreed ſhe ſleeps with me or death
1. *Outl.* S'death, it is he.
2. *Outl.* Let us fall to and beat him.
Carp. As you can hope for meat again, or life, (glide by.
Look big, and uſe no words; and ſo
Off. The night, the place, her fate, and my deſire, (tage.
Do all conſpire unto my wiſh'd advan-
And ſo I come coy Damoſel.
(*Hide the women under their habits, and ſo Exeunt all but Offa.*)
Ha? how? why? where? who? or what can you or I be?
They are all gone, and I am tottering left
Upon an Earthquake; gentle, holla, holla,
Set not too hard old Ops, thou'lt ſhake thy rider, (bo.
Through thy chinky wrinkles into Lim-
I ſhall ſinke piecemeal if thou trot ſo hard.
So, ſo, ſo, Holla, holla, gentle earth.

Open

Open not here, not near that part of thee
That has but now disgorg'd those famish'd ghosts, (ned me
That with the Furies would have beck-
Along to hell with'em; so, let me down,
I must not follow yet, but sleep and think upon't. (fear.
I will come time enough you need not
But first creep back to bed, as nothing were.

Enter Osrick, Ethelswick, Edelred, Alfride.

Osr. You have told me wonders, which have pierc'd my soul (confesse,
With horror and amazement; yet I must
In all that I am like to suffer, heaven is just, (upon me;
Whilst wrath my wilfulnesse has pull'd
Yet pardon, since thou gav'st me that affection (course,
That wandred with me in this oblique
This unquoth way, with which I have not stray'd (frailty.
Further then love might lead an humane

Eth. You do consider well, my Lord, and we (crosses
Beseech you strive to counter-check these
Still with your Kingly reason.

Osr. Yes, and fall upon our present businesse; there you find me
Out of a spacious Kingdom of mine own,
Shut in a narrow Prison; whilst the brother (married
Of her, whose love I came to seek, has
The Queen I might have had; before I have seen
His Sister; there was a quick expedition.

Eth. My Lord, for that before you left the Court (busie Lords
In your suppos'd distraction; the ore-
Eanfride and *Theodwald*, out of strong conceit
The sight of her would cure you, feign'd your letters (us the Court,
Which fetch'd the Queen; then banish'd
Before we could take notice; we had been (forwards.
Strong Traitors else to let that march go
Nor heard we of it until now the Post
That brings the news oth' Kings and Queens approach
Arriv'd here in the City.

Osr. All think him then their King still?

Eth. Yes, yes, and though he told us who he was; (madnesse,
The overwise Lords imputed that to his

Osr. It seems he was not so mad, but he could take
The Queen into my bed.

Eth. Where she lik'd him so well
That she now brings him home unto her own.
Still thinking him your person.

Osr. Whilst I lie here for his,
Accus'd of Parricide; but I will not
Reveal my self till trial. (Ent. *Mildred*)
Now all my sufferings are turn'd into delightful recreations.
Fairest of Virgins welcome; marvail not
That at first sight I knew you, when my heart (ture;
Wears the Impression of your Portrai-
And all my intellectual faculties
Bow to no other object but your beauty.

Mild. O Sir, lay by this high dissimulation; (brother.
For though I find you now are not my

Osr. Lo ye, she knows I am not *Anthynus*. (mist
Her vertue like the Sun will clear the
Of error we were lost in.

Mild. Not *Anthynus*?
Yes, the bright Sun discovers not a truth
More evident then that you are *Anthynus*
Nor ever shin'd on man I lov'd so well,
Or hop'd to marry, since you are not my brother.

Osr. I understand not this.

Mild. Indeed I came (hand
To tell you so, and could you clear your
Of the foul stain of blood you are accus'd of,
Were I sole monarchess of all this Island,
I'd kneel to beg a brides place in your bed.

Osr. If I can clear my self?

Mild. Nay, mark me further; (you,
If you clear not your self, I'l not outlive
To call to mind the man that I so lov'd
Butcher'd his Father; though he were not mine, I lo-

I lov'd him as a father; oh good heaven!
How good? how reverend a man was he?
Osr. Weep not, but hear me; or hear me though you weep;
I am not *Anthynus*.
Mild. I may say as well,
I do not love you.
Osr. I never had an hand
In blood of any man.
Mild. Prove that, I am yours.
Osr. Fetch me a Priest.
Edel. I saw one i'th next room
Drinking and singing catches with some Prisoners. (now again,
Ed. Withhold your hands, *Anthynus*
Fair Lady, is your brother.
Mild. Why did you mock me then?
Ed. To save you from your brother *Offa*'s lust, (that
I feign'd that you were not his Sister;
In hope to marry you, he might forbear
His divelish purpose.
Mild. Now I am lost for ever,
In being the Daughter of a murder'd Father,
And made uncapable of you in marriage.
Osr. Yet hear me, and be comforted.
Mild. O me!
Ed. Hark my Lord *Anthynus*.
Osr. I do not know that name.
Ed. Go to, go to; nor you do not remember (of Spurging
How I behav'd my self upon the eating
Comfects, that your Brother *Offa* gave me, (say, this murder
And laid the fault on you; pray Jove, I
Be no more his fault then yours.
A shout within. Enter Keeper.
Osr. Hark, the wide world abroad is fill'd with joy,
And must we only be shut from it? now.
Keep. My Lord *Anthynus*.
Osr. Still must I be *Anthynus*?
Keep. You are call'd unto your Trial.
Osr. Who are my Judges?
Keep. Those that are bribe-free I dare warrant 'em. (with you;
It may perhaps go somewhat the harder
For nothing but white innocence can quit you,
Pray heaven you hav't about you; even the King (should have said,
And Queen, the Queen and King I
For she's our Soveraign, 'tis her Law must do it.
Osr. What King do you mean then?
Keep. King *Osrick*; you know nothing.
Osr. Yes, I know him as well as he knows himself.
Keep. Take heed Sir what you say.
Osr. I fear him not,
But am as good as he; now carry me for something.
Mild. O pray take heed.
Keep. How?
Mild. Peace, he did not say so.
Keep. Slid, he's as mad as his brother *Offa*.
Osr. Is *Offa* mad?
Keep. O quite besides himself, and talks the stranglest
Of his fathers murder, your running away
And the desire he has to hang his brother here;
And then he is haunted with sprites too, they say;
You will know all anon; will you go my Lord?
Osr. Yes, will you be so kind as to see my Trial?
Mild. Indeed I must not leave you.
Keep. 'Tis a kinde part indeed, and may become
A Sister; like the wife that would not leave
Her husband till she saw him totter.
Set the best foot forward, and the best face
You can, my Lord, upon the business.
Exeunt.

Hoboys.

Enter Theodwald and Eufride, Kelrick and Elkwin, Theodrick, Anthynus and Bertha.

Omn. Long live King *Osrick* and Queen *Bertha*.

Anth. I joyn with ye in your wishes for the Queen;
And wish well to King *Osrick* as a stranger.

Omn.

Omn. How's this? (him;
Anth. But will no longer personate
For now be it known to you that I am
no *Ofriick*; (more.
But he that warns you call me so no
Bert. What means my love?
Anth. Nay, Madam, 'tis most serious.
Kelr. Elkw. Blesse us! (was.
Theodw. He's madder now then e're he
Eauf. I am at my wits end too; if
marriage (say to't.
Will not tame him, I know not what to
Anth. I have told you truth, and your
fair grace can witnesse
How violently I was thrown upon the
fortune, (my vow.
I thank those provident Lords, against
Bert. I take it as the providence of
Heaven; (Father,
And from the Son of that most injur'd
Whom now in my joys strength I could
shed tears for. (handmaid.
I yield you are my head, and I your
(*She sets him down, and kneels; he takes her up.*)
(her liking
Eauf. So, so, a few nights trial has got
For ever fast enough; what notable old
Cockscombs
Have we been made? nay, made our
selves indeed.
Anth. Now further know, my Lords,
I am *Anthymus*, (whom
The Son of that old honest Lord, 'gainst
Your sulphurous malice kindled the
Queens anger.
Elkw. Who'l have an head now for an
half penny?
Kelr. And for t'other two Tokens mine
into the Bargain.

Enter Keeper, *with* *Ofriick*, *Ethelswick*, *Edith*, *Alfride*, *Edelred*, *Guard.*

Keep. Make way there for the Prisoner.
Eauf. See King *Ofriick*.
Theodw. I, this is our King indeed.
Theod. O let me wash your feet Sir
with my tears. (*Theodrick.*
Ofr. Thy trespasse is thine honour my
And I must thank your care my Lords,
as it deserves,
Your over-reaching care to give my
Dignity
As much as in you lay unto another.
And for your Letters counterfeit in my
name, (marriage.
By which the Queen is mock'd into a
Theodw. That was your policy, your
wit, my Lord.
Eauf. A shame on't. would I were
hang'd, that I
Might hear no more on't.
Bert. Fair Sir, the Queen is pleas'd,
and hopes you are (thoughts.
In her that's so much fairer in your
Anth My Sister *Mildred.*
Ofr Yes, my noble Brother, (self,
She stands in fortune equal with your
In being mine.
Anth. But not great Sir, untill
You are acquitted of my fathers murder.
Ofr. I am clear of that, as I am not *Anthynus*.
Anthynus is accus'd, not *Ofriick* Sir,
Your father is required at your hands.
Bert. Ha!
Arn. But his accuser reads another lesson
Now Madam.

Offa brought bound in a Chair.

Off. Whither do you hurry me?
If I must answer't, give me yet some time,
To make provision of befitting Presents,
To supply the hard hands of my stern
Judges,
Into a tender feeling of my cause: (likes,
I know what *Eacus* loves, what *Minos*
And what will make grave *Radamanthus*
run.
Anth. He is distracted.
Arn. Yes, and speaks hainous things
Against himself, both of my Lords mur-
der,
And an intended rape against his Sister.
Anth. Incestuous monster!
Off. Hark, how the Divel lies;
I have no Sister.
Ed. How he's possess'd
Of that strnge error; I must satisfie you?
That was meerly feign'd by me to save
her honour

From his outragious lust.
Arn. But here comes that
Clears all at once.
Welcome my honour'd Lords.
(Enter Segebert, Alberto, Jeff. Outlaw.)
Jeff. A boon, a boon, my gratious Liege.
Arn Hold your peace fool.
Seg. My Son *Anthynus* living?
Osr. You are my Father in your Daughters right.
Seg. My blessing on my Girle.
Osr. But see *Anthynus* at a greater height.
Anth. My Father.
Bert. And my Father noble Sir.
Your pardon, and for ever welcome.
Seg. If this were real now, and not a Dream!
Jeff. Come, leave your fooling, hear a wise man speak:
Great King according unto thy behest
With Knights adventurers I went in quest,
Through the Woods and Forrests wild
To scoure the Dens of Outlaws vild;
Whence these old men, this Knave I bring
Together with this Starveling;
Whom I present not dead, but quick
Unto thy grace King *Osrick*.
Arn. Look this way fool,
This is King *Osrick* man.
Jeff. Whose fool am I then?
Osr. Mine.
Mild. And mine.
Anth. Mine.
Bert. And mine.
Jeff. Whoop, hold a little, best let me be every bodies fool
Round about the house. (ward;
But amongst you all, let me not lose re-
I must not fool for nought; the times are hard.
Osr. Still the fool's covetous.
Bert. I ow thee a just reward, for I proclaim'd
To him that brought this man alive or dead
A thousand crowns; but since thou art so fortunate
To bring him home alive and well recover'd
Out of such danger——
Jeff. I shall have nothing shall I?
Bert. I'l double thy reward, give thee two thousand crows.
Jeff. It is enough in conscience; who bids more?
For till you are out-bidden, I'l be your fool.
But can you tell whose Favourite you are then?
Theodr. Where I was first, I'l ever wish to be.
Osr. And I'l be thine *Theodrick*; for thou in this
Hast above favour shewn me unto bliss.
Seg. I have perform'd your Majesties command,
Though not in sending, yet in bringing home
My banish'd friend, Lord *Alberto*, the preserver
Of my now happy life.
Bert. It shall be to his honour; welcome *Alberto*.
Outl. Oh what an heavenly smell of meat is here!
Seg. All the unhappiness I now can see
Is but an argument of tears for thee,
In whom I'm justly punish'd.
Anth. Take him hence
From my grieved fathers sight.
Seg. And pray let care
Be had for his recovery; his senses may
Bring a new soul into him, for which I pray.
Off. What am I freed?
Arn. Yes, yes, my Lord, all's well.
Off. I knew my bribes would do it.
Jeff. I'l off with him, for 'tis unknown to you
What good a fool may on a mad man do. *Ex. Arn. Offa, Jeffrey.*
Seg. This sword was evidence enough against him;
But here's one of the Outlaws that confess'd it; For

For whom, since he is penitent, I beg pardon.
Mild. The other two his fellows are both extant:
For whom together with three theevish workmen
That were strong instruments in my delivery,
Let me beg mercy.
Anth. I have heard of them that robb'd my brothers Jewel-house.
'Tis a day of grace,
And we are taught by heavens abundant mercy
Shewn upon us beyond our expectation,
To imitate that goodnesse.

Bert. I forgive
All on my part.
Csr. I pardon all on mine.
Bert. And now right royal Sir, let me entreat (plear,
For former love, to make our last com-
You will be pleas'd a month with us to stay
In triumphs to commemorate this day.
Osr. Next to my sum of happinesse my Bride,
I should have sought that honour, royal Sister.
Anth. Thus through tempestuous sighs and showres of tears
Joy at the last more cheerfully appears.
Exeunt.

RIC. BROME.

Deus dedit his quoque Finem.

FINIS.